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THE VENERABLE BISHOP DUBOIS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

How solemn is the ministry of Heaven :

Of pastorship of souls—how vast the care :
To preach the laws 'mid Sinai's thunders given,
And of the Lord of life the way prepare :

Not to denounce the erring, nor revile,

But seek him out thro' many a thorny track :
To woo, admonish, win him from each wile,
And to the fold restore the stray one back.

This to perform "in spirit and in truth,"

With thought and toil and self-denying zeal,
With crushing of the passions up from youth,
And balm expressed from faith to soothe and heal—

Discordant elements to harmonize

Of minds uncouth—to shew the mercy-seat
High beaming through the splendor of the skies,
Where souls forgiven the God of mercy meet.*

Such were a stern but tranquilizing part

Of thy long ministry ; since wildly rush'd
The civil war-cry from thy country's heart,
And the wide world in trembling horror hush'd.

When roll'd the Revolution's thunders loud,

And in the mighty earthquake, heaving round,
Long ages fell, and thrones before it bow'd,
And earth, from its own heart no refuge found :

Then for this land, which, of the blood-stain'd world,

Offer'd to friendless Liberty a home
Where she might see her planet-flag unfold,
Thy pilgrim spirit dar'd th' Atlantic foam.

Thy *earthly* claim that spell-word "Lafayette!"*
 The homes and hearts which Freedom lov'd were thine—
 Thy heavenly claim the gospel banner set
 On high Religion's universal shrine !

Here in the temple of the Lord of Hosts,
 Thy hand was press'd by him than whom more bright
 None, none the record of Religion boasts,
 Nor Freedom halos with a holier light.†

And now when years have silver'd on thy brow,
 And Carroll's dust is gathered to the tomb,
 How hast thou kept his faith—preserved thy vow,
 Or hast thou dimm'd the lamp thou should'st illumine ?

Hear from "The Mountain," where the holy men†
 Of gospel-mission meet the glad reply :
 And voices from "the Valley" wake again
 The inspiring sounds and waft them to the sky.

While stands "the Mountain," stands thy parent name;
 Cœval with "the Valley" shall it be—
 While they, thy children, shall extend thy fame,
 Like Psaphon's birds, o'er many a land and sea.

From those romantic and sequestered dells
 Where in the balmy morn and twilight time,
 In classic solitude Religion dwells,
 Searching o'er truths and mysteries sublime,—

Thou cam'st into the city's wilderness,
 Where many a weed in rank luxuriance grows,
 To banish thence the demon of excess,
 And bid the desert blossom as the rose.

And gloriously thou hast redeemed the trust;
 And fair and bright and beautiful the scene,
 Each part well shielded from tempestuous gust—
 Beauty sublime, and majesty serene.

A prayer remains for thee—a fervent prayer,
 That when their race the planets shall have run,
 May'st thou from thy adored Master hear
 The good and faithful servant's joy : " *Well done !*"

* Bishop Dubois was recommended by a letter from Gen. Lafayette to the Governor of Virginia.

† He was received by Bishop Carroll, cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

† Emmettsburgh college which was founded by Bishop Dubois.

THE GRANDEURS OF CATHOLICISM.

BY M. AUGUSTE SIGNIER.

Two volumes in 8vo. Ladrange : Paris.

The end which the author of this admirable work proposes to himself, is to prove the superiority of the developments brought out by Catholicism for humanity, in the religious, social, and philosophical order. The religion of Christ admits of various orders of proof. At a time when the human mind is exulting in the vain ostentation of wonders which it produces every day, it is expedient to present a vast and magnificent picture, of which one part will contain the teachings of Revelation, the influence of these teachings, and their effects on the history of religion, society, and philosophy; and the other will show forth the doubts opposed to the truth, by which its light has been dimmed, the way of virtue and happiness has been rendered uncertain, and absurd notions have been given of the Divine Being himself.

We have no doubt that many persons will shut up this book, immediately after reading its title—to suppose that Catholicity can contain anything grand, is to suppose that it has something *true*. And yet we cannot but think that Catholicism has been rejected less on account of what it teaches, than of what it prescribes.

Others will read, but not understand it. For, it will be deemed impossible, after the history of Sismondi or of Michelet,* that anything can now remain of the greatness of Catholicism but its ruins. To this class of readers we will say, peruse it over again: and they will, perhaps, find

themselves surprised to arrive at conclusions so opposed to their first prejudices, and to confess with us that there is no truth for the mind, no prosperity for nations, no happiness for individuals, except through the Catholic revelation.

“God, says our author, is *ONE*. Revelation, which is nothing but an inspiration from God, must, therefore, be essentially *one*; in its spirit, in its point of starting, and in its end. Faith, in order to be normal, cannot, then, apply but to one and the same religion, one and the same revelation.

Moreover, God exists only as a being infinitely good, and sovereignly just. But he would be neither one nor the other, if he had reserved to man of these late times a capital advantage which he refused to a man in the primitive times. Therefore, revelation, which is the most capital advantage of society, could not be a work to be consummated in the future; it is, and could not but be, a work accomplished in the past.

Religious faith, which is the most eminent faith, cannot and should not apply but to one only and the same tradition. But humanity is *one*, we repeat it. The system of strength or faculties of all people is exactly the same as that of the individual: but the individual can have no religious law except by revelation or tradition: humanity, therefore, could have no religious law except by revelation and tradition.

But, the individual and humanity being *one*, they are identic as respects their origin and finality. The indi-

* The author of a history of France.

vidual and humanity cannot, then, be in possession of truth, but in as much as they are directed by one only and the same faith, in one and the same religion, one and the same revelation, one and the same tradition. The unity inherent in our race necessarily includes unity in the means of our development, direction, and instruction.

The social law cannot then be derived but from one and the same moral law, one and the same religious law, one and the same tradition, one and the same revelation, one and the same faith, in one and the same God.

There is then but one social law, one moral law, because there is but one only true religion.”*

Such are the principles on which repose all moral, scientific, religious, social order. It reposes on God, who speaks to men through revelation.

This rule being laid down, the author passes to the verification by facts, and presents the double proof of action and truth, and action and error. He unfolds, in the series of years, the comparative picture of revelation and error: one which commences with the birth of man, and grows with him *in the plenitude of time*, sheds on the tents of the patriarchs, on the tabernacles of the Hebrews, on the depths of the Holy of Holies, a light which is a forerunner of that eternal lustre which afterwards beamed on the world from the brow of Golgotha; the other, which, under a thousand forms, tyrannizes over the generations dispersed throughout the world, dissolves the bonds of family, makes yokes for nations—and corrupts thought by doubts, by aspersions, and by calumnies.

Moses, the son of Levi, adopted by the daughter of the king of Egypt, reared in the sciences of Memphis and Thebes, prefers the glory of his people to his own power or grandeur. He retires into the deserts of Madian

to fortify his soul during forty years of meditation, and then returns, by order of God, to save his people: he astounds by his prodigious works, their cruel oppressors, forces the tyrant to grant to the children of Israel liberty which the waters of the Red sea could not check, speaks to the Lord God Omnipotent in the midst of thunder and lightning on the brow of Sinai, brings down to the people a law engraven on stone by the divine finger, and spends half of a century in fashioning a carnal, ignorant, and hard-hearted people to a code of duties the most perfectly developed, of moral the most pure, worship the most sublime, and mysteries concealed under figures and symbols.

In vain should we attempt to find any body of doctrines more vast and profound than the Decalogue. The unity of God, the relations which should exist between man and his author, the social duties, the right of property all are to be found. If the toleration of polygamy, and perpetual servitude for foreign slaves is introduced, the Omnipotent declares that this was done on account of *the hardness of their hearts*.

The duration of this people, to whom were confided the *words of God*—a duration which lasted many centuries, in spite of the universal contempt in which they were held by the rest of the world,—the vigorous remnants of their ancient constitution, which resisted the course of time, whilst so many other societies passed away and disappeared forever, exhibits the force that must necessarily have presided over their primitive formation; as we judge of the solidity of a ruined edifice from the cement which still binds together the dilapidated masses.

By the side of Moses and the Pentateuch, whom and what will you place? India with her Vedas? You will only add to the sacred books the thousand commentaries which have

* Tom. I, pp. 37, 38.

obscured them—whilst in the narrative of Moses, every thing is clear—every thing simple—for he speaks of the creation as though he had been present at that primordial event.—Whereas the legends of all other oriental philosophers are vain and groundless. What is the Bagavagita?—a system of fatalism and pantheism. What is the law of Manou?—an inflexible and immutable system of prescriptions.

Much has been said of China—China has prodigious traits—but as the primitive monuments of Chinese wisdom have perished, we can judge of her only as she now is; and what is she now? a despotism, without any elevated philosophy, with no poetry, with an intellect and virtue enervated and ambiguous, and immorality unrestrained and universal.

The fate of Persia is no better; whatever be the epoch when Zoroaster flourished, there is no doubt that, by establishing, in his sacred books, the doctrine of two principles, he has sapped the foundations of all morality. Placed between two contrary forces, man is not his own master;—he is without liberty. Dragged on by the more powerful, he is subject to influences which the will cannot resist. He is, therefore, responsible neither for good nor evil. He is a machine, predestinated from eternity to vice or virtue, to happiness or misery.

Egypt, frightened by the incomprehensible contrasts of her religion, judges her kings after death, and falls prostrate before her sacred animals. The same people recognize sublime precepts, touching the duties of children to their parents, and address their senseless homage to the vegetable produce of their gardens. The mind is lost amidst such dreadful aberrations. Egypt, without doubt, had secret doctrines, but what were they? The veil which covered the statue of Wisdom at Sais was never removed: and the hierophants of

Memphis have carried with them to the tomb the mysteries of their doctrine.

Admire Greece who may: as for us, we have not the courage to do so. Under the most delicate *enveloppe*, under the veil woven by the hands of the Graces, under the most inimitable forms, what do the arts reveal to us? The absence of every noble and generous idea. If some rare men arise to protest against the general corruption, they are immediately persecuted as unworthy citizens. Aristides is sent into exile; Socrates and Phocion end their lives with poison. Take away these three great men, who are not immaculate, and what Greek will you find whose life is not sullied in some point. Speak not of the Spartan republic; the half of the inhabitants of that government was made up of Helots—a race of men who were regarded as so worthless, that they might be killed merely for the purpose of exercising skill in shooting the arrow. Boast not of the philosophy of Athens, until those innumerable deeds of turpitude are done away which disgraced and soiled her polite arts and philosophic genius. Talk not of a religion whose gods multiplied to such an extent, that it became impossible to number them.

When Greece became enervated by debauch and luxury, Rome reared her front, and with her victorious sword, struck the whole earth. In vain did Carthage dispute the dominion of the seas. In vain did Mithridates league with the East against this mistress of the then known world. In vain did Gaul arrest for ten years, the progress of Cæsar. Every thing yielded, Rome, whom the viciousness of her constitution gnawed interiorly, attempted to remove at a distance the evils which devoured her. Vain efforts! In her turn, she bowed her neck to the yoke, struggled awhile under the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, and finished by stooping her

head—never more to raise it again—under the feet of Claudius, Nero, and Caligula.

In the meanwhile, a babe is born in a stable of Bethlehem of Judea, and shepherds who were keeping watch over the flocks in the fields, warned by an angel, hastened to adore that child lying in a manger. This babe was the SON OF GOD, and these shepherds were the first men called to contemplate the pledge of reconciliation between heaven and earth.

This child grows up: and when the appointed moment arrived, a second revelation develops the first. The world hears these extraordinary words: *do penance*. In them are contained all the mysteries of humanity. The stains of the heart, the gloom of the intellect, the wrath of God, the degradation of man: but, in them, likewise, are contained, mercy, which will fertilize this mass of corruption, shed a light over this chaos, inspire a divine energy, give a supernatural strength to the enervated soul, and display to the mind, as the ultimate term of its aspirations, the enjoyment of God. Immediately a secret movement agitates the earth. Whilst the ancient world fulfilled its destiny in decay and ruin, a new society, at first imperceptible, poor, obscure, despised, gradually takes its place. Its roots strike, not into the bowels of the earth, but into the nature of humanity. It expands in the midst of persecutions, and the blood of its first children gives it a wonderful energy. Soon it displays in the heavens a standard, the title of her right to universal domination. With this standard, she guides a pagan emperor to victory: and then sits, for a moment, on his throne, in order to spring from it, among the people of the north, and to constitute the element of a new world! A strange movement takes place in the empire: faith with her torch, charity with her fire divine, carry light into the mind,

and heat into the heart. Man forms a correct notion of obedience, and learns to grow great in it—since he sees in those who command the instruments of the power of God. The idea of devotion and sacrifice, which the Messiah preached by continual example from the poverty of the manger to the torments of the cross, teaches the children of Adam that they are brethren, attacks the egotism which kept them asunder, repairs the sweetest ties which had been ruptured by the passions, and causes to germinate under the domestic roof, in the shade of the sanctuary, in the depths of the solitude, the most energetic virtues, and prodigies, of which the pagan world never had formed an idea. What pagan sage could ever have pictured to his mind the image of a Christian Virgin, of a solitary of Thebais, or of a priest of Jesus Christ? These types, so often realized since the grace of God has renewed the face of the earth, neither the imagination of Greece, nor the virtue of Rome, nor the wisdom of Egypt, could have so much as suspected.

In the midst of the agitations of the world, one of the most interesting spectacles was, to behold these men, who, preaching doctrines of which those wonders were the effects, announced them by word of mouth, by their pen, with their blood; at one time, simple Catechists initiating the catechumens into the divine mysteries, with the sublime simplicity of faith; at another time, citing before the tribunal of God the abominations of which, idolatry was the mother: and then again, establishing schools of philosophy to combat with the Sophists, and, after having conquered them by the dint of logic, quitting the chair, to ascend the scaffold!

After the persecution of the martyrs had ceased, those of the heretics commenced. The exile of Athanasius, of Alexandria, of Hilary of Poitiers, vindicated anew the sacred liber-

ty of the primitive Bishops. They were captives, like Saint Paul, but, like him, too, could they say: The word of God is not fettered on that account. Their exile served, on the contrary, to extend it—and everything, even obstacles themselves, tended to the triumph of Catholicism.

Meanwhile, the old world decayed—the ancient institutions disappeared—and new societies sprang up in all parts. Invading barbarians sought to establish themselves permanently in the heart of Europe. They were almost all heretics or pagans, but this was wisely ordained, lest the enemies of the church might have had it in their power to affirm that the Vandals spread abroad the religion of Christ by the point of their pikes.

A new labor commences—a silent and interior labor—like that of nature when, during the season of winter, it prepares in the entrails of the earth the sap which will produce the flowers of spring, and the fruits of autumn. It was necessary to refine those hardy Goths. Catholicism undertook the work. If the admirable means she employed for this end be not understood, it is vehemently to be lamented. More than one historiographer has been deceived on this point. All eyes are not made for the light!

The Crusades prepared the way to this labor; or rather they were the signal of a social action, by which, the disciples of Christ drove from their territory the invading spirit of paganism under the disguise of the musulmannic superstitions. Great disorders,—it will not be denied—checked even in the midst of Christian nations, the progress and perfection of the Crusaders. But in all, God had his high designs. Some individuals, seizing hold of these abuses,

favoured by the movements of the East, amid which, the Low empire expired under the scimitar of Mohammed II., gathered up the fragments of the sciences of the Greeks, and carrying them to Constantinople, effected what they styled a *regeneration*. Then Luther appeared. Germany was prepared. There were convents enough to pillage, churches enough to plunder, and the conflagration was not difficult. To Luther were joined other auxiliaries; among whom, our learned author signalizes Michiavel and Descartes. These were, in effect, fatal men, though not to be confounded, certainly in the same category. The faculty of independence in matters of religion, of believing or rejecting whatever the mind was willing to adopt or repudiate—doubt, schism, infidelity, and scepticism revolutionized the face of Europe. Its history, since the sixteenth century is well known: Catholicism would have been destroyed—not a vestige of it would have been left in the world to-day—had Catholicism been a human institution. But the gates of Hell cannot prevail against the work of Heaven.

The concluding pages of Mr. Signier are of an absorbing interest: they spread before us the philosophic result of all that has been done against the Church in modern times. His work is, indeed, a powerful subsidiary to the cause of truth, and highly worthy the great talents with which he has been gifted. May he continue his labors! an immense field expands before him, on which he may reap laurels, not indeed of human vanity, but of an infinitely more valuable character, laurels of Religion—which will be ever-glorious and imperishable.

BEAUTIES OF THE REFORMERS.

SELECTED BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

BEAUTIES OF LUTHER.

On Charity.

Carlostadius roused the people of Orlamunde so much against Luther, that they threw stones at him. Luther consequently says in his letter to the people of Strasbourg: "Those Christians charged upon me with stones, and gave me *such* a benediction. Go with one thousand Devils! I wish thou (Carlostadius) would break thy neck, before thou gettest home." The compliment of stone was not very acceptable indeed; but the language of Luther shows what a holy man he was.

On Matrimony.

As it is not in my power not to be a man so it is not in my power to be without a woman.—Tom. 5, p. 119.

No man ought to pretend to live without a woman. Whoever is not included in the number of eunuchs mentioned in the Gospel, he must certainly marry, for it is impossible for him to live single.—Ibid.*

I consulted thus—if a woman

... she must address her husband thus:—I beg you to allow me to contract a secret matrimony with your brother, or any relation of yours. I gave this advice when I was checked by the fear of the Anti-Christ, but now I should advise very differently. I should say to the deceived woman to *pluck him up secretly*, (ut submissa manu convelleret) as commonly is said.—Tom. 5, p. 120.

If the magistrate by not using the sword of justice does not put the adul-

terer to death, he may fly to another country and there, if he cannot be content he may marry, but it will be better to kill him in order to avoid bad example.—Tom. 5, p. 123.

If thou wilt not, another will; if the mistress will not, let the servant maid come.—Ibid.

On the Epistle of St. James.

I omit that great many affirm and with a great deal of probability that this Epistle is not of St. James, nor worthy of an apostolic spirit, although, whoever be its author, it has obtained authority by habit. Yet even if it were of St. James, I should say that an Apostle has no right to institute a sacrament.—Tom. 2, p. 91.

On St. Peter.

Peter lived and taught far from the word of God, *extra verbum Dei*.—Tom. 3, p. 190.

On Free Will.

Man's will is as a jackass. If God sits upon it, it will go whither God will have it to go, if the devil rides it, it will go whither the devil drives it. Nor is it in its power to choose which of the riders to run to or to seek, but the riders themselves strive to obtain and possess it.—Tom. 2, p. 468.

A man has no free will with respect to God in things belonging either to his own salvation or damnation, but he is a captive, a subject, and a servant, either under the will of God, or under the will of satan.—Tom. 2, p. 469.

God foresees and disposes and does every thing by virtue of his immutable, eternal, and infallible will. By this thunderbolt free will is pros-

* Therefore every single man and every single woman is a criminal, for they cannot do impossibilities. Very good and charitable compliment!

trated, and destroyed.—Tom. 2, p. 462.

From this, it follows, that whatever appear to us, that happened accidentally, and chanceably, do not happen, but necessarily and immutably, if we consider God's will.—Ibid.

On Justification.

You see how rich is a Christian or a baptized man, who, even if he wishes it, cannot lose his salvation, however numerous be his sins, if he does not refuse to believe. For no sin can damn him but infidelity.—Tom. 2, p. 78.

The Papists teach that faith in Christ justifies indeed, but God's commandments are likewise to be kept. This is to deny Christ and to abolish faith.—Tom. 5, p. 311.

We distinguish and say, that we at this moment do not dispute whether good works should be done, whether the law is holy and just; whether it should be observed—but our question is, whether the law justifies.—Ib. p. 312.

(Observation.—Luther confesses that Catholics believe that faith justifies indeed, and no Catholic ever said that the law justifies, but that charity and good works must accompany faith, in order to be a living faith which justifies. Hence the distinction established in the last text does not diminish the monstrosity of the two precedent, which suppose that faith without works, which is a dead faith, can justify.)

A man baptized cannot lose his salvation except by infidelity, because faith takes away all sins, and deprives a man even willing to sin, of the power of sinning.—Tom. 2, p. 180.

On Sins.

The circumstances of sins being committed with mother, daughter, sister, or any kindred, in any place, or any day, with any kind of persons whatever; all these circumstances make no difference, and ought to be

totally disregarded, because Christ did not order in his law such things to be noticed.—Tom. 2, p. 180.

On the Decalogue.

The precepts of the Decalogue ought to be observed and belong to all men, not because they were given by Moses, (who belongs only to that people,) but because all men have these notions which are detailed in the decalogue implanted in their hearts.—Tom. 3, p. 8.

Whenever you hear some fanatics reasoning about the books and laws of Moses, saying Moses wrote thus, he gave these precepts to the people of God by the order and authority of God, and we also ought to observe them, you will successfully refute all these speeches with one word, viz: What have we to do with Moses?—Tom. 3, p. 7.

To the above texts I will add some others from the same Luther, which I have no doubt will please very much the Presbyterians.

On the Eucharist.

This has happened in our times to these new *prophets*, one of whom alluding to the words of Christ, this is my body, find a figure in the pronoun THIS, another in the verb IS, and a third in the noun BODY. I have observed that all the heresies and errors about the Scriptures, have not sprung from the simple words, as it is said almost every where, but from rejecting that simple sense of the words.—Tom. 2, p. 91.

Even if innumerable myriads of devils, together with the *Sacramentarians*, would come, and with one voice, very impudently say, how can bread and wine be the body of Christ? I am not certain that all these spirits, and the Sacramentarians, and the learned, are not endowed with as much prudence and knowledge as the Omnipotent has in his little finger. Here are the expressed words of Christ, take and eat, this is my body.—Tom. 5, p. 640.

What a beauty for the Presbyterians!!

On the Separation from the Church.

On account of scandal.

It is incredible how many even great men have perished on account of the scandal, as they expected nothing in the church but totally holy. This way the Donatists separated themselves from the Church, because they observed some wicked persons in it, but afterwards they also disagreed among themselves. The Maximianists separated themselves from the Donatists because they observed many wicked amongst them. The same ignorance was the cause of the separation of the Novatians from the Church, and the origin of a great many heresies, which always gave us cause of their separation that they could not put up with the wicked, and on this subject St. Augustin wrote very extensively against the Donatists. Therefore it

is no wonder that this ignorance is in our days the ruin of many and the scandal of great men, to say nothing of Muncer and some other fanatics.—Tom. 5, p. 41.

On the Saints.

I do not see that the Church says: St. Paul cure my wounds, but pray for me Commend to them all your sins, and the necessities of your soul as Cecilia did, by invoking all the saints to pray to God for the preservation of her chastity.—Tom. 1, p. 9.

God is praised in his saints, and his saints are praised in God, as it is written: "Praise the Lord in his saints," &c.—Ibid.

I praise thee, O Lord, who prepared this saint, and made to yourself this vase of glory from the mass of perdition. By thus praying, you have praised the Lord in his saints.—Ibid.

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER I.

"How did you enjoy yourself yesterday, Senator?" asked the Chevalier.

"Very much indeed; as much as it is possible to enjoy ones' self at such amusements," replied the Senator. "The fireworks were superb; and no life was lost, at least among our race. As to the swarms of *gnats* and *birds*, I will not answer for them more than my friend; but I thought a good deal about them during the exhibition—and this is the thought

which I yesterday, promised to share with you. The more I reflected, the more I was confirmed in the idea that the spectacles of nature are very probably for us what human actions are for the animals that witness them. No living being can have any other knowledge than that which constitutes its essence, and which is exclusively relative to the place which they occupy in the world: and this, in my opinion, is one of the numberless and invincible proofs of innate ideas. For

if there were not ideas of this kind, for every being that knows, each one of them, drawing its ideas from the chances of experience, might go beyond its circle, and trouble the universe: but this can never happen. The dog, the ape, the *half-reasoning* elephant, will draw nigh the fire, and warm themselves, as we do, with pleasure. But you can never teach them to put coal into the grate, because the fire does not belong to them: otherwise the dominion of man would be destroyed. They can see *one*—but never *unity*; the elements of number, but never *number*; a triangle, two triangles, a thousand triangles, but never *triangularity*. The perpetual union of certain ideas in our understanding makes us confound them, although they are essentially separate. Your two eyes are painted in mine. I have a perception of them which I associate on the spot, with the idea of *divinity*. In fact, however, these two kinds of knowledge are totally different, and one by no means conduces to the other. I will say more, as I am now *on the track*. I never could comprehend the morality of intelligent beings, nor even human unity, or any other *cognitive* unity, separated from innate ideas. But to return to animals. My dog accompanies me to a public spectacle; an execution, for example. Certainly he sees all that I see: the crowd, the sad train, the officers of justice, the scaffold, the sufferer, the executioner—in a word every thing. But of all this, what does he understand? all that he ought to understand *as a dog*. He will know how to follow me in a crowd: if an accident separates us, he will find me out: he will take care not to be trampled under the feet of the spectators: when the executioner raises his arm, the animal, if he is nigh, will undoubtedly shrink with fear lest the blow should be intended for him. If he sees blood, he may tremble—but just as

he would in a slaughter-house. There his knowledge ceases; and all the efforts of his intelligent teachers, employed without ceasing, during ages upon ages, could not lead him farther. The ideas of moral, of sovereignty, of crime, of justice, of public force, &c., attached to this tragic spectacle, are nothing for him. All the signs of these ideas surround him, touch him, press upon him, (to speak thus), but in vain. For no sign can exist without its pre-existing idea. One of the most evident laws of the temporal government of divine providence is, that every active being exercises its action in the circle traced for it, without being able to go out of it. And how can common sense imagine the contrary? And departing from these principles which are incontestible, who can say but that a volcano, an earthquake, etc., are not for me precisely what an execution is for my dog? I understand of these phenomena, what I ought to understand; that is to say, all that has reference to my innate ideas, which constitute man's condition as man. The rest is a sealed letter."

"Nothing is more plausible than your idea, my dear friend," said the Count; "or to speak more properly, I see nothing more evident, than the manner in which you look at the thing. Still, what a difference under another point of view! *Your dog does not know that he does not know*; and intelligent man knows it. What a sublime privilege is this doubt! Follow out this idea, and you will be delighted. But, since you have touched this chord, you must know that I believe myself in a condition to procure you real pleasure in shewing how this invincible argument, drawn from animals, in favor of innate ideas, has been gotten over by men of bad faith. You have seen perfectly well that the identity and invariable permanency of each class of sensible or intelligent beings, ne-

cessarily supposed innate ideas; and you have, much to the purpose, cited the animals which will eternally see what we see, without being able to comprehend what we comprehend. But before coming to an extremely pleasing citation, I must ask you if you have ever reflected that these same animals furnish another argument direct and decisive, in favor of this system? In effect, since all ideas which constitute the animal are *innate*, and absolutely independent of experience; since the hen which has never seen a hawk, nevertheless, manifests all the signs of terror at the moment when he appears for the first time, like a black speck in the clouds—since she calls around her all her little brood with an extraordinary cry which she never before uttered—since the little chickens instantly precipitate themselves under the wings of their mother—in fine, since this observation is invariably repeated among all kinds of animals, why should experience be more necessary in man, for all the fundamental ideas which constitute man. The objection is not trifling, as you see. Listen, now, how the two heroes of *Estheticks* get over it.”*

The French translator of Locke, Coste, who was, it would appear, a man of sense, and of a good and modest character, relates in one of his notes, that he made the same objection to Locke. The philosopher, who was touched in a tender point, was somewhat angry, and abruptly replied; *I have not written my book to explain the actions of beasts.* Coste, who had every reason to cry out with the Greek philosopher: *Jupiter, thou art angry; art thou then wrong?* contents himself with telling us, in a pleasantly serious tone: *the answer was very good; the title of the book shows it plainly.* True, it is not writ-

ten *on the understanding of brutes.* You see, gentlemen, what Locke was reduced to, in order to get out of the difficulty. He is very cautious not to propose the objection in his work, for he would not expose himself to the necessity of answering it. But Condillac, who was not much troubled by his conscience, parries the difficulty in a very different manner. I do not believe that the blind obstinacy of pride the most unyielding, ever produced any thing so ridiculous. *The beast will fly*, he says, *because it has seen others devoured.* But as he had not the means of generalizing this explanation, he adds, that, with regard to animals, which have never seen their like devoured, we may believe, *upon good grounds*, that they have been *taught* by their mothers to fly. I am sorry he did not say, *advised* by them! To perfect this rare explanation, he adds in the most serious manner: *If this be rejected, I do not see what can induce the animal to take to flight.*†

“Excellent! we shall soon see that if these wondrous explanations be rejected, it may happen that the animal will not fly from his enemy, because Condillac *does not see* why the animal should fly.

“For the rest, in whatever manner he expresses himself, never can I agree with him. *He does not see*, he says. With his permission, I believe that he *sees* perfectly well, but that he does not choose to acknowledge it.”

“A thousand thanks, my friend, for your philosophical anecdote, which, in effect, is extremely facetious,” returned the Senator. “You agree with me perfectly, in my manner of regarding animals—and in the conclusion which I have drawn from them, in regard to ourselves. They are, as you just now remarked, *surrounded, touched, pressed*, by all the signs of

* *Estheticks*, properly the science of Sentiment.

† *Essai sur l'orig. des conn. hum.* Sect. 2, Chap. IV.

intelligence, without ever having it in their power to rise to the least of its acts. Refine as much as you please the thought, this soul whatever it is, this interior light, this unknown principle, this *instinct* which has been given them with so prodigious a variety of direction and intensity, you will never find any thing more than a faint *symptom* of reason, which may approach it as nearly as you please, but which can never touch it: otherwise a province of the creation might be invaded; which is evidently impossible.

“By a similar reason, no doubt that we, too, may be *surrounded, touched, pressed* by actions of a superior order, of which we have no other knowledge than that which has reference to our actual situation. I am fully aware of the value of that sublime doubt of which you spoke: yes, *I know that I do not know*; perhaps I know something more: but it is always true that in virtue of our intelligence, it will never be possible to obtain a direct knowledge on this point. Besides, I make a great use of this doubt, in all my researches into *causes*. I have read millions of jokes on the ignorance of the ancients *who saw spirits every where*: it seems to me that we are much more foolish; we see none any where. We hear an incessant talk about *physical causes*. Now, what is a physical cause?”

“It is a *natural cause*,” replied the Count; “if we stick to the literal translation of the word: but in the modern acceptance, it is a *material cause*; that is, a cause which is not a cause: for *matter* and *cause* exclude each other materially, as *white, black, circle, square*. Matter has no action but by motion; and all motion being an effect, it follows that a *physical cause*, if we express ourselves with exactness, is NONSENSE, and even a contradiction in terms. There are not, and there cannot be, *physical causes* properly understood; because there

is not, and cannot be, motion, without a primitive mover, and every primitive mover is immaterial: *every where, what moves precedes that which is moved—that which leads precedes that which is led—that which commands precedes that which is commanded*. Matter can do nothing, and is nothing but the proof of the spirit. A hundred balls placed in a straight line and all receiving from the first a motion successively communicated, do they not suppose a hand which struck the first blow in virtue of a will? And though the disposition of things should prevent this hand from being seen, would it be the less visible to my intelligence? Is not the soul of a clock-maker shut up in the barrel of that pendulum where the great spring is charged, to speak thus, with the commissions of an intelligence. I hear Lucretius saying: *to touch, and to be touched appertains to two bodies only*: but what mean these words, stript of a sententious apparel which is given them only to frighten children? They signify at bottom, *that no body can touch without being touched*. A beautiful discovery, as you perceive. The question is to know, if there be in the universe nothing but bodies, and if bodies cannot be moved by substances of another order. Now, they not only can be, but primitively they cannot be moved otherwise: for every stroke being but the result of another, we should necessarily have to admit an infinite number of strokes; that is to say, of effects without a cause; or admit that the principle of motion cannot be found in matter: and we have within ourselves the proof that motion has its origin in *will* alone. Nothing, however, prevents us from styling, in a common and indispensable sense, *causes*, effects which produce others. It is thus that in the row of balls, of which I just spoke, every force is a *cause*, except the last, as all are *effects*, except the

first. But if we wish to express ourselves with philosophic precision, it is different. We cannot but too often repeat, that the ideas of *matter* and *causes* rigourously exclude one another.

Bacon has formed of the force which acts in the universe, a chimeri idea which has bewildered a host of writers : he supposes first, the material ; then he places indefinitely one force upon another : and often have I suspected, that seeing in a long line these genealogical trees, where every thing is the offspring except the first, and every thing the father except the last, he has made on this model an *idol of the ladder*, and arranged the causes in his own head : understanding in his own way that such a cause was the daughter of that which preceded, and that generations becoming always more thick as they ascend, conducted, at length, the true interpreter of nature to the common parent of all. This is the idea which this great man has formed of nature, and of science which should explain it ; but nothing is more chimerical. I will not lead you into a long discussion. One observation will suffice for you and for me. It is that Bacon and his disciples never could cite, and never will be able to cite, one single example that can sustain their theory. Let them shew us that pretended order of causes *general, more general, most general*, as they are pleased to express them. Much has been written, and much discovered since Bacon ; let them give us an example of that marvellous reality ; let them shew us a solitary mystery of nature which has been explained, I do not say by a cause, but only by a first effect before unknown, and extending from one to another. Imagine the most common phenomenon ; elasticity for example, and any other you please. Now, I am not exacting : I demand not the genealogy of the phenomenon : I am satisfied with

asking for its mother. Alas ! all the world is silent ! It is always, (I speak of the material order,) *proles sine patre creata*. And men can blind themselves thus, in seeking causes in *nature*, where nature is but an *effect*. Provided they do not go out of the material circle, no man can advance further than another into the investigation of *causes*. All are stopped—and should be—at the first step. The genius of discoveries in natural sciences consists merely in discovering unknown facts, or in tracing phenomena, not explained, to the first effects which are known, and which we take for causes. Thus he who discovered the circulation of the blood, and he who discovered the sexes of plants, have both, undoubtedly, deserved well of science : but the discovering of facts has nothing in common with that of causes.

Newton, on his part, has immortalized himself by giving to the weight of phenomena what should never have been given to it : but the follower of the great man knew as much about the weight of these things, as his master. Certain disciples of whom he would be ashamed, could he return to the world, have dared assert that attraction was a *mechanical law*. Never did Newton adduce such a blasphemy against common sense ; and it is vain that they attempt to boast of an accomplice so illustrious. He has said on the contrary, (and this is saying not a little), *that he gave up to his readers to decide the question, whether the agent that produces gravity is material or immaterial*. Read, I pray you, his theological letters to Doctor Bentley : you will be equally edified and instructed.

“ You see, my dear Senator, that I highly approve of your manner of viewing the world, and that I rest, too, if I am not absolutely mistaken, on sufficiently good arguments. For the rest I repeat that *I know that I do not know*, and this doubt transports me at

once with joy and gratitude, since I find united in it the indelible title of my greatness, and the salutary preservative against all rash and ridiculous speculation. In examining nature in this point of view—in the mightiest as well as smallest of her productions, I continually recollect (and this suffices for me) the expression of a Lacedemonian, who, thinking what it was that prevented a dead body from standing erect, in any way it was fixed, exclaimed: *By the gods! there must be something in that!* Every where and always should we say the same; for, without *that something*, every thing is a corpse, and cannot stand erect. The world regarded as a simple assemblage of appearances, of which every least phenomenon conceals a reality, is a true and wise idealism. In one sense, I may say truly, that material objects are nothing of what I see; but what I see is real with regard to myself, and it is enough for me to be thus conducted to the existence of another order which I firmly believe without seeing. Resting upon these principles, I perfectly understand, not only that prayer is useful in general to escape physical evil, but that it is the true antidote against it, the natural specific—and that by its essence, it tends to destroy it, precisely as that invisible power which comes from Peru hidden under a slight bark, seeks out, in virtue of its proper essence, the principle of fever, touches it, and attacks it with more or less success according to circumstances and temperaments: not that I would say that wood cures the fever—which, indeed, would be very droll.”

“As droll, as you please,” exclaimed the Senator, “but I must be a very *droll body*; for, my life on it, I have very little scruple about the proposition.”

“But, if wood cures the fever,” returned the Count, “why go all the way to Peru to seek for it? Walk into the gardens; these will furnish us with enough for all the tertian fevers in Russia.”

“Let us speak seriously,” said the Chevalier; “the question is not about wood in general, but a certain species of wood the particular quality of which is to cure fevers.”

“Perfectly well,” rejoined the Count, “but what do you mean by *quality*? Does this word express a simple accident; and do you believe, for example, that the *quinquina* will cure, because it is *figured, heavy, colored, &c.*?”

“You are sophisticating, my dear friend,” answered the Chevalier; “I speak, of course, of the real quality.”

“*A real quality!*” ejaculated the Count, “what is the meaning of that, I pray you?”

“Oh! I beg you, in my turn, not to dispute about words,” replied the Chevalier; “you must know that the good sense of a soldier is offended by this sort of interrogatories.”

“I admire the soldier’s good sense, more, perhaps, than you think,” rejoined the Count, “and I confess that interrogatories are not less odious to me than to yourself: but I do not conceive that we are disputing about words when we ask the meaning of them.”

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.*

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

CHAPTER II.

The clouds which, during the day, had been wandering and wreathing up and down and around the mountains in fantastic groups, or moving lazily and low along the obscured landscapes, were now, as the evening set in, piled up in black and cumulous masses like a vast continent of savage and mountainous headland, wild and fearful in aspect. Here and there, a streak or blotch of hectic red was perceptible, and as the sun went down, his setting could be traced only by the incondescent struggles of purple fire, which, at remote intervals, penetrated the density of the unwilling cumuli. The atmosphere was heavy, feculent and feverish; not a breath of air was in motion; the leaves hung languidly from their branches, and the face of nature wore that livid fixedness of aspect which indicates insensibility to pain, and the triumphant presence of death. A considerable time passed and yet was there no change save in the appearance of the heavens which now became black as a funeral pall: the sunset of time was the silent midnight of nature. This monotonous stillness, prolonged through an awful pause, was at length broken by the deep muttering of the thunder, which was a very acceptable relief to the inmates of a little roadside tavern or stage-house, where cartmen usually sought its "entertainment for man and horse." There were now, however, but three persons

in the hut—the proprietor, who was an elderly and infirm man, and two others who were habited in the gray frieze overcoat which was indicative of the *Peeler* profession. The old man sat by the ample space or hearth-place, where a few turf fragments yet flickered among the ashes. One of the others was leaning listlessly against a post or jamb which defined the boundary angle between the bar and the sitting-room, while the third, a younger and more athletic man than either of the others, stood vacantly gazing at the dreary scene which spread over the face of nature, and instinctly employed his fingers in tapping against a broken pane in accompaniment to snatches of an old tune, which had but little connection, however, with the thoughts then passing through his mind. At length, wearied apparently by those often disagreeable companions, his own thoughts, he turned round and took his seat near the old man, who, after setting some dry brambles in the embers, and blowing them to a flame, arose to retire to rest, requesting the others to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to call him in case any person might crave admittance; which, however, he said, was improbable from the continued inclemency of the night: or if any disturbance should happen to call them out, which was by no means unlikely to occur: "and sergeant, dear," said he, "now, there's the cupboard, and there's the bottle, and use your pleasures, each of you." So saying, he wished them a good-night.

"'Tis a dark and a fearful night!"

* The main features of the above tale are true in every particular whether as respects time, persons, or locality.

said the older, whom we shall call Fitzgerald ; or Fitz, as he was called in the barony, for brevity's sake.

"The fitter for a dark and a fearful deed!" replied the sergeant. "But," continued he, after a pause, "no matter how dark or how fearful it is, it must be done : *my* life, or *his* ruin—look here, Corney Fitz, my life or Phil. Riley's ruin is the forfeit, weather fair or weather foul. Did you see me thinking over there this hour back ? and was it about the storm and the rain, and the darkness ? No, Corney, 'twas not ; 'twas about *her* and her father that stands between us ; and he must'nt do it any longer, for, win her or lose her, he *must* be removed. You understand, Corney, don't you ?"

"I do ! but—"

"The time for that word is gone by ; that 'but' means objection ; and are you going to betray me, or, what's worse, forsake me ?"

"Neither—if no blood be—"

"Blood ! no—no—bad as my only resort is, and desperate as I feel, I shall not be revenged by blood. He is Mary Riley's *father*, and he must live—he is her ruler and adviser and he must—draw near, Corney, draw near—he must be transported."

These last words were uttered with a suppressed voice, but a fearful emphasis in look and accent. They seemed to have paralyzed Fitzgerald as he stood gazing in mute and sudden astonishment, like one transfixed.

The other, seeing that this moment was pregnant with his destiny—that the feelings he had quickened were at their utmost tension—that a word, a breath, a look of relaxation would but weaken and perhaps defeat his point, folded his arms, and, as if in stern anticipation of approval, fixed his steady, searching gaze, glowing with mingled inquiry and satisfaction upon the fascinated eye of his companion. Thus, they stood, a magnificent picture of the mastery of the intelligence

over the mere *materiel* of mind : a syllable more and the spell were broken—less, and it were imperfect.

* * * * *

The shadows of the Sabbath evening were slowly and calmly gathering around the silent extent of country ; not a voice was heard, nor was there seen a human form to disturb the unusual and desolate reign of loneliness : the peasantry, restrained by the insurrection act, had, long since sought their homes, and the mounted and foot patrols had not yet come out on their "nightly round."

Mary Riley was sitting on a low straw seat or bench, her face hidden in her hands which rested on a chair, beside a bed, in which her two little brothers were sleeping in happy forgetfulness that their father was then suffering in a dreary prison, charged with having had arms concealed, with knowledge of the fact, in his dwelling, and refusing to surrender them to the king's authorities. In the dead of the previous night, awful in the darkness and warfare of the elements, his house was surrounded by an armed police, and he dragged from his bed at the instance of the magistrates who accompanied them ; by them he was questioned as to his outgoing and incoming, whom he met and addressed ; whither he went, where and how long he delayed, and at what times of the clock's revolution these things severally happened or were occasioned, and a thousand other questions equally *pertinent*, loyal and conciliatory ; to all which he replied with the stern brevity of truth. "And yet," said one of the magisterial querists, "you are accused of keeping arms in your house contrary to law. Is it true ?"

"It is not," replied Riley.

"Then be the search at his peril. Men, do your duty."

Fire-place, chimney, bed, bolster, cupboard, drawers, hen-coop, every place in fact "from minaret to porch"

capable of concealing fire-arms or offensive weapons, was most rigorously searched; but searched in vain. During this process, Riley was pacing up and down the room in a state of mute bewilderment and despair: he evinced no interest in this practical and unseasonable impeachment of his hitherto pacific character; he was too well acquainted with the *profession* of those around him to expect either justice or mercy from men whose only principle was to have no principle; and he heard with no apparent concern that he stood released from their allegations.

Suddenly an expression of wild anguish distorted his features, and he tottered towards a chair which he grasped convulsively, gazing with a horrible stare of agonizing doubt upon one of the police, who was now slowly moving towards the directing magistrate. That man was the sergeant whose conversation with Fitzgerald has been substantially repeated. He had approached the unfortunate Riley, unobserved, and, as the words of peace and security had been uttered by the magistrate, whispered the blighting words, "*the thatch and the transport!*" into his ear. All eyes were now turned on Riley, as he stood with dilated eye, and pallid face, and gaze of intense fixedness, while the sergeant addressed the civic officer. "Sir, holding military command of this company, it is my duty to inform you that—but this man, who is my authority, will depose more circumstantially. Fitzgerald, stand out, and tell what you have heard about the pikes and this man Riley."

"Stop—stop! for heaven's sake!" cried the now half-maniac man. "'Tis false!—'tis false!—'tis made—'tis conspired—believe not—believe not; as you are a father and Christian believe not!"

"What's false; what's conspired; let me know of this—come, Riley, speak; you must certainly know

something of all this; what does it mean?" asked the magistrate. "And you, Fitzgerald," said he, turning around—but he paused while Fitzgerald produced, from that portion of the thatch which covered the farthest corner of the roof from the door, three or four pike-heads of unfinished manufacture, but apt and ingenious artizanship. "Why, what have we here? evidence to hang a whole barony: why *Mr. Riley*, 'tis rather surprising that a gentleman who can play Job so well, when justice is on the wrong scent, should be so thrown off his guard as to become his own accuser. Hush!—not a word, I'll hear none! how could you have known what Fitzgerald was about, or what the sergeant meant if you were innocent!—no! no! come, bring him on. Give me that pen and ink, sergeant. So saying, he took his portefeuille from his pocket, and placing it on the table, drew out a committal, and setting his signature to it, handed it towards the sergeant, saying, "here's your authority!"

"Never!" exclaimed Riley, seizing the extended paper, "never!" and he tore it into minute fragments, with cool and emphatic action, and a self-possession which but convinced the magistrate that his previous demeanor had been assumed and deceptive.

"What! the majesty of the law is also insulted. Riots, rebellions, midnight burnings, secret assemblies, and all such insurrectionary movements are not enough; but the civil officers must be prevented and bearded in the performance of their duties. Sergeant, he is your prisoner!" After a severe struggle, he was accordingly seized and ironed, and borne to prison amid the jeers of the heartless guard, whose commander took occasion to embitter his feelings by frequent allusions to his domestic afflictions, and cold-hearted questions as to the hope that his daughter would find

a *worthy* suitor in her father's absence, and a fair betrothment and a happy espousal. This heartless ruffianry the poor victim bore with a silent endurance and resignation, which are the best proof of the holy reliance which the Catholic church has taught us to rest upon as at once our consolation and our security: and which, for earthly as well as spiritual objects, is so beautiful in its harmony and peace, and rewarding hope amid the trials and persecutions of this world.

Having complied with the necessity of this digressive account of the circumstances attending the apprehension of Riley, we will now return

to his afflicted daughter, who has been described sitting in loneliness in her once cheerful, but now desolate, home. Her little brothers, as before observed, had retired to rest, and she was gradually but fitfully falling asleep, when she was awakened from her stupor by a gentle tapping at the window, which, after some hesitation, she opened, and was about to inquire who the unseasonable visiter was, when she was addressed after this familiar manner—"Mary, be silent, 'tis old Barney is here; open the door, my child: I want to speak to you—the Lord pity and comfort you."

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE CRUSADES.

In the crusades, the historian sees little that is new, and while relating them only traces afresh a part of the circle which human folly is destined to describe; but to the philosopher, who follows out their consequences, no subject can be richer in materials for speculation. The evils which they created were immediate and obvious; the advantages were more remote, and require demonstration to claim our assent; the crusades may have caused a waste of life and labor beyond example, without the temptation of any prospective return. They, for two centuries, afflicted almost every family in Europe with the most painful privations: and they alienated the attachment of its inhabitants from the improvement or enjoyment of their natural blessings. Agriculture and commerce, arts and education were neglected by every rank.

Yet allowing all these pernicious effects to have been produced by the crusades, the philosopher will find in them if not the origin, at least the chief auxiliary cause of a total change in the aspect of society; I shall therefore subjoin a few remarks on the measure in which they effected, first, the political condition; second, the manners and customs; third, the literature and the arts.

I. The period at which the crusades began, was that at which the irruptions of the northern and eastern barbarians closed. These had confirmed their settlement in the countries which they overran, and had effaced every vestige of the Roman policy, by the introduction of their own. The latter, as might be expected, was rude and irregular, and, from its military origin, terminated in what is too well known to require

description by the name of the feudal system. Under this system the nobility enjoyed a subordinate sovereignty in their own domains; and though acknowledging a species of allegiance to the king, as the original grantor of their lands, yet the acknowledgment was understood to imply so imperfect an obedience, that its occasional violation was accounted neither criminal nor infamous. A kingdom resembled a cluster of confederated states, under a common head, like those of Greece in the days of Homer, with this difference, that, in the former case, the crown was hereditary, which rendered its power proportionably greater. When obedience was refused, it could be enforced only by war, and not by law, and thus a great baron was more like the royal rival than the subject of his nominal superior. He had his own courts of justice, his own mint, and his own army. He made war upon his neighbors, and the pillage of their dominions was regarded as the spoils of conquest, not of robbery. Every kingdom was, therefore, a scene of turbulence and distraction; and the tenants of baronies felt the same mutual hostility, as the subjects of contemporary states at present. The king naturally strove to augment his authority, but he could do so only by dividing the nobility, and then securing the alliance of the most powerful, or by extending his own dominion in the way of purchase or forfeiture. The barons who engaged in the crusades, acting not more from superstition than from a desire of military glory, were generally the most warlike of this intractable order, and their absence was on that occasion desirable. Sums were required to convey their troops to foreign service, for which their annual revenues were insufficient; and as the expedient of loans was not yet devised, they were obliged to alienate their lands for such a price as they could obtain. Of this

necessity their sovereigns took advantage, and thus enlarging their possessions, enlarged their political power. As the consequence of the people advanced, that of the nobility, which was injurious to order, and which opposed the chief resistance to the royal authority, declined in proportion; and when this effect was perceived, kings became more willing to emancipate the lower orders of their subjects from feudal servitude. In this manner, corporations were formed with a republican jurisdiction, within their own limits and ideas of liberty, which had long been dormant, began once more to revive. These made the most rapid progress, and reached the greatest perfection, in the maritime cities of Italy, which, from the wealth acquired, by supplying the means of transport and subsistence to the crusaders, were enabled to erect themselves into two independent commonwealths. From the co-operation of all these circumstances, the power of government and the efficiency of laws were increased; the protection thus afforded to property gave new confidence and a new motive to industry; and men being called into situations which obliged them to think and act for themselves, their faculties were quickened by exercise, and directed to objects of inquiry which had formerly been unknown. If, for example, we turn to England, in the reign of Edward the First, who had himself engaged in the last crusade, we find the power of monarchy wielded with unprecedented ease and energy; we find the people embarking in commerce and navigation; we find the laws improved, and their administration invigorated; we find the rudiments of their present constitution distinctly visible; and we find the youth, instead of limiting their attention to bodily exercise, frequenting the Universities, and cultivating their understandings. In France, at the same period, the advance was still

more considerable; and though in both countries, partly owing to the personal character of the sovereigns, it must be also greatly ascribed to the causes which have been already assigned.

II. In the age preceding the crusades, the manners and modes of life which prevailed throughout Europe, were gross and unpolished. This must naturally be the case among the members of small societies, who live in habits of ferocious hostility with their neighbors, and of close and rude familiarity with each other. Into such societies every kingdom was divided. The precincts of each state were a consequence of that border warfare, which is the most brutalizing of any; and the conviviality of the baronial hall was as constantly the reward of the vassals, on their return from pillage. Their lord was obliged, in order to secure their attachment, to indulge them in intemperance, and in those coarse and turbulent pastimes, which suited "the unyoked humors of their idleness." Himself and his relations, having few other associates, were frequently induced to mix in his revels, and a tincture of masculine semi-barbarianism was thus diffused, even through the higher orders of society. The distinction between the practice of private war and that of indiscriminate robbery was so faint and equivocal, that heroes of the highway were held in little dishonor, and the right of plundering passengers, within a definite district, was sometimes annexed, by grant, to the possession of certain manors. That respect for the fair sex, which is at once a cause and a consequence of polished manners, could, in these days, have little influence, as women were classed among articles of property and plunder, and depredations on *moveables* of this description were frequently the origin of the baronial wars. Previous to the crusades, indeed, a partial remedy, or rather a feeble paliative for

the evils created by this dissolution of order, had arisen from the institution of chivalry. Some individuals, whose natural ideas of justice and humanity were superior to those of their age, determined to supply the deficiencies of law, which permitted injuries too painful for their sensibility to witness, and assuming the character of judges in every case of oppression, enforced their decisions by their own personal powers. The weaker sex became the principal object of their protection, and the pleasing consciousness of performing acts of generosity, and at the same time of indulging the prevailing propensity to acts of valor, rendering the occupation fashionable, and introduced sentiments and manners of a new and interesting kind. These voluntary champions of injured innocence formed themselves into fraternities, which were governed by their own rules, and into which candidates were admitted with martial and religious ceremonies. In the modern orders of knighthood, these fraternities still preserved a nominal existence; but, until chivalry was rendered superfluous by improvements in policy, and ludicrous by the humor of Cervantes, it continued to be a dignified and serviceable institution. For the encouragement of these societies, nothing could be better adapted than the crusades, which were, indeed, a general enterprise, on the principles of chivalry, undertaken by confederated Christendom. The motive which led to them was indignation at the oppression exercised by the Saracens; and in their progress many who engaged in them were reduced to such extremes of distress that various orders of knighthood, especially those of St. John and of the Temple, were founded expressly for their relief. The admiration which the crusades enjoyed, rendered those eastern orders more honorable and permanent than others, and the spirit of chivalry was strengthened at home,

by its adoption among the venerated warriors of Palestine. In this spirit were implied a punctilious obedience to the laws of honor, morality, and religion, a dignified courtesy of deportment, and an elaborate tenderness and respect for the fair. In short, "*parcere subjectis et debellare superbis*" was the general motive by which, on all occasions, it was to be swayed. The new direction which was thus communicated to the activity of human nature, and the ambition of extracting and combining all that is most laudable in the ecclesiastical and military characters, soon produced a visible effect on the aspect of society. Men became more guarded in their mutual intercourse; fashion succeeded, where better principles had failed in improving their conduct; and weakness being invested with an ideal sanctity, which gave it all the advantages of strength, the general comfort was increased by a consciousness of increased security. This direct and imperative operation of chivalry was essentially aided by the change of habits and opinions, which gradually and insensibly proceeds from foreign travels, and from the union of various nations and common enterprise. Nothing is better fitted to supply the absence of literary education, than visiting new countries and acting with associates. It enlarges the views, and corrects false habits of thinking; it teaches us to regard in a proper light things to which we had attached an undue importance; it imposes the necessity of accommodating ourselves to practices and opinions at variance with our own; and it accustoms the temper to forbearance and pliability, and the mind to discretion and address in the ordinary affairs of life. Travelling of any description produces these effects, but travelling as a soldier accelerates them: for as the character is generally barbarized by the petty and acrimonious contests of neighbor-

ing tribes, it is raised and refined, in an equal proportion, by military service on an extended scale, and against a remote and unhabitual opponent. We there contend with men to whom we are individually unknown, and against whom we feel no personal resentment. We learn to measure our hostility, not by passions, but by the necessity of the case; we learn from our own wants, to put the proper value on humanity, to mingle courtesy with valor, and to sympathise in the sufferings of the foe whom we have overcome. With our fellow-soldiers too, our companions in peril and privation, and in all the most interesting situations of life: the sharers in our wistful yearnings after that native land, which is endeared to us by a consciousness of extending its glory and earning its applause: and to which, amid our turmoil, we jointly look forward, sustained by the cheering hope of *fortasse et hasce olim meminisse juvabit*, with them we form a friendship of the most cordial and delicate kind, which exalts as much as it softens the affections, and which, by giving exercise to the best dispositions of our nature, imparts a manly but captivating amenity to our general deportment. Such were the effects to be expected from the expeditions to the East, and we accordingly find, that, after their operation had time to be felt, the manners of the European nations underwent a perceptible change; while the general imitation of their darling champion introduced the rudiments of modern urbanity, and of those usages which, by implying mutual good will and respect, are found so convenient in smoothing the surface of social intercourse. In the East, too, and especially in Constantinople, where the luxury and splendor of an imperial capital had never been interrupted by the establishment of barbarians, the crusaders became acquainted with modes of life which were superior to those of their own

countries, and of which, on their return, they were ready to report the advantages and urge the adoption. This produced, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a rapid improvement in the dignity of courts, in the refinement of pleasures, and in a general taste for those accommodations with which the feudal nobility had never thought of gracing the rough hospitality of their halls.

III. At the time the crusades began, Europe was involved in the mist of ignorance; all that remained of science and art was confined to Constantinople, and to the more enlightened Saracens, who first from the vicinity, and afterwards by the conquest, of Alexandria, added to their native literature a considerable knowledge of the Greek philosophy.—Though, in visiting those regions, the crusaders might not have been actuated by any desire of mental improvement, and could not boast of (many of them) that portion of knowledge which stimulates to the acquisition of more, yet they must, from the very boldness of the enterprise, have carried with them a vigor of mind which is seldom unaccompanied by curiosity. This curiosity would be sharpened by an endless succession of new objects and singular characters; and it is scarcely possible that some of them should not have perceived the value of that information of which they were destitute. The twelfth century was the period at which literature seemed to awaken from its stupor, and to resume its activity. A distinguished author (Mr. Gibbon,) has maintained, that the progress of literature in Europe was retarded, not accelerated, by the crusades. But this opinion seems objectionable, for the following reasons, drawn from nature, and confirmed by the history of the mind. Exercise of one kind disposes the mental faculties not to indolence, but to exercise of another. Even among the savages, it is the old warrior who

becomes the bard or historian of his tribe. It is those who have themselves made extraordinary exertions, who are most anxious to know what exertions have been made by others. It was after the long wars between the Spartan and Athenian states that the genius of the Greeks shone forth with resplendent lustre; and we shall find, that all the golden ages of literature either immediately succeeded, or actually coincided with periods of excessive agitation from foreign or intestine conflicts. By analogy, therefore, we may infer that the interesting novelty and extensive commotion of the crusades, were better fitted to exercise the faculties, and fire the imagination both of those who performed, and of those who promoted them, than the petty contests and insipid routine of rustic sports, which alone, but for this diversion, would have interrupted the slothful uniformity of their homes. In the intellectual progress of nations, poets and fabulous historians are the first writers who appear; and whatever stimulates the fancy may be considered as favoring the creation, because it accelerates the commencement of an age of literature. In this view, then, the crusades must have been highly beneficial. They familiarized the mind of the Europeans with the splendid fictions,—the speciosa miracula rerum—on which the genius of the East has always delighted to dwell. Nay, the very occurrences of these expeditions, magnified by the vanity of those who had shared in them, were singularly suited to quicken the embryo seeds of poetry in the breasts of their ingenious countrymen. We accordingly find in the earliest writers of Europe—in Dante and Boccacio, and in the English poets from Chaucer to Milton—a frequent propensity to avail themselves of oriental notions, and to give additional attractions to their writings by allusions to the romantic adventures of the holy warriors, and

to the preternatural, but interesting extravagances which were engrafted on them. In so far, therefore, as the crusades supplied a spur to curiosity, and materials to those who could increase its impulse by gratification, in the same degree they must have contributed to assist the march of intellect, and to give it a more vigorous motion at its outset, than it would otherwise have acquired. Whatever hastens the age of poetry must hasten that of philosophy, by which it is naturally succeeded. In addition to these speculative grounds of belief, we have direct evidence that the crusades, even by their successful issue, were of advantage to letters. The Popes perceiving the inefficiency of carnal weapons, to resist the triumphs of Mohammedanism,

had recourse to those of a spiritual kind, by which they hoped, instead of conquering, to convert, the Saracens. Young men were, therefore, appointed to be educated as future missionaries; and even at the early period of 1285, Pope Honorius had proposed the establishment of a college at Paris, for the purpose of instructing them in the oriental languages. Actuated by similar views, the council of Vienna, in 1311, declared that the revival of letters was the true method of converting the infidels, and of procuring the recovery of the Holy Land; and we shall find that it is nearly to the same period the foundation of many foreign and domestic seminaries are to be referred.

T.

BEATRICE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

The convent aisles are hushed, and dim,
 Save where the moonlight gilds the floor;
 The solemn prayer, and vesper hymn,
 And lofty chaunt are heard no more!
 A breath of incense on the air,
 A sweet perfume of blossoms rare,
 And flowrets o'er the Virgin thrown!

Are all now left of hours supremely sweet,
 When humble spirits kissed the Master's feet.

Each nun unto her lowly cell
 Has glided quietly away,
 To slumber, 'till the midnight bell
 Shall call them forth, to watch and pray.
 Behold one, o'er whose youthful cheek
 Tear after tear is coursing down,
 With hands pressed o'er her bosom meek,
 Like snow flakes on that serge of brown.

Her eyes upraised, of some deep sorrows tell—
But see ! she kneels within her lonely cell.

There are no luxuries for her—
A bed of straw—a table bare—
A skull the thoughts of death to stir,
And picture of her Lord are there.
No wonder, oh fair child of earth,
That tears gush from thy bursting heart,
When there the heir of haughty birth,
Should feel cold poverty's keen smart.

But list ! she tells between each tear and groan,
The bitterness that wrings her spirit lone !

Oh MASTER ! Thou dost mark each sigh
That troubled hearts send up to Thee,
And when the tempest's wrath is nigh
Thou glidest o'er the raging sea.
My heart ! my heart is torn that Thou,
Hast suffered all lifes woes for me :
That thorns have pierced that holy brow,
And scourges left their stripes on Thee !

'Tis strange ! she weeps not o'er the dreams of earth ;
Nor sighs to taste again the cup of mirth.

Why is it, that around my way
Thy mercies have such blessings shed,
When thou hadst not a place to lay,
A spot to rest, thy weary head ?
Why have these feet no rugged vales ?
No rocky steep these hands to tear ?
When thine were pierced and torn with nails,
And thy pure heart rent with a spear !

She wept not for rich robes or costly gem,
Or festive halls of light—oh not for them !

Oh what to me the splendid beams
That light the stars on Fame's high brow,
And what the transient hue that gleams
Its radiance o'er life's rapid flow ?
Can earth's sweet lure, or glory's smile
Light up the pathway to the tomb,
Can it the trembling soul beguile
While passing through the valley's gloom ?

With streaming eyes, and quivering lips she prest
The crucifix, that hung upon her breast !

These sacred wounds shall mark my way
And shield me when the storm is nigh ;
Here let me weep—and watch and pray,
And at thy feet forever lie.

Here oh my soul, thy vigils keep,
 Cheered onward by each holy vow,
 Until amid the night-watch deep,
 We hear "the bridegroom cometh now."

She started as upon the midnight air
 The solemn bell tolled forth the hour of prayer;
 And gathering up the veil, she passed along
 To join the nuns that round the altar throng—
 What cares she for earth's rest—its sneers—or pride!
 Her heart's sweet shelter is the "WOUNDED SIDE."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY HENRY J. BOGUE.

"Say, what can soothe man's pilgrim heart below,
 And lull to peace the heavy throb of woe?
 Say, what could smooth the furrowed brow of care,
 Wipe from the cheek the melancholy tear;
 Teach lowly man to lift his head on high,
 Feel no content but in his kindred sky,
 To soar o'er vulgar things, o'er transient bliss,
 And own no pleasure in a world like this?
 What save religion! Her's alone the charm
 To light the darkest heart, the coldest warm."

Dr. Pise's "Pleasures of Religion."

"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

Happy is he, who, having well surveyed
 The ills of other men, is cautious made.

It was near the close of an afternoon, in the early part of May, that Arthur Montrose, a religious young gentleman, who was travelling slowly on horseback, observing the decisive indications of an approaching storm, began to look out, with no little anxiety, for a lodging which might receive him for the night. His wishes were vain, for some time, and he travelled several miles, over a lone and unfrequented road, without finding any prospect of a shelter from the rain, which was beginning to fall, and

from the wind which was fast rising, as if at the commencement of a storm.

At last, however, the traveller emerged from a long and dreary wood, and his eyes sparkled as the view opened on a beautiful valley, through which his road winded, and in the distant part he saw pleasantly situated a farm-house of unusually cheerful appearance. The numerous and extensive out-buildings, with which it was connected, the fields around it, which were already, in a considerable degree, beautiful with the

verdure of spring, the forests in the back ground, and the distant hills, which completed the view, would have constituted an enchanting picture, had it not been for the gloomy influence of the weather. The injury thus done was, however, more than counterbalanced, by the ideas of relief from his uncomfortable situation, which were associated with the prospect; and as Arthur approached the dwelling, all the discontented thoughts with which his dreary ride had inspired him, were banished by the bright light which shone through the windows, although day-light had not yet gone down, and by the promise of comfort and enjoyment within, which was thus afforded.

Arthur was met in the large yard by the master of the household, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"I am a stranger in this part of the country," said Arthur, after he had descended from his horse.

"So any person would infer, were he to look at your countenance, for you seem joyous to approach a dwelling."

"You are right; those," said Arthur, pointing to the deep woods he had just left, "caused me to entertain serious thoughts, but your kindness has quite refreshed me."

"Your dress indicates that you are a religious man."

"I am a student of theology; my health being poor, I was advised to visit my uncle in C——, and spend a short time with him, and should I recover my health, I will return to the Seminary and finish my theological studies," the student replied.

"Be pleased to inform me what religion you profess."

"I am a Roman Catholic," answered Arthur.

This called forth an additional flow of cordiality, and the master and his guest entered the mansion together.

They came into a room which was used for the double purpose of kitchen

and parlor, as appeared from the lovely faces of the family, which were beaming there, and from the preparations for supper, which engrossed the whole attention of the mother and daughter in the back part of the room. At the fire-side were two children, with ruddy cheeks, amusing themselves by drawing pictures on a slate; a third was sitting near them, reading aloud from a religious book; a fourth, and younger than the rest, was flocking with the dog and cat, in the middle of the floor.

These innocent occupations were interrupted by the entrance of the stranger, and all seemed to be pleased with the interruption; for if there be true cordial hospitality on the earth, it will be found at the fireside of the American farmer. The traveller sat down by the fire, and began to play with the children, which he gathered around him, and warmth was soon restored to his limbs, and gladness to his heart.

The arrival of a stranger, was, in their unvaried life, one of those remarkable events, which were deemed sufficient to occasion an alteration in the usual family arrangements; and a fire having been kindled in a front room, the traveller, together with the children and their father, resorted thither; the preparations for their evening's repast were soon completed, the children, in half suppressed glee, gathered to their respective seats, and the parents and the stranger went to their places, and by the latter the blessing of Heaven was solemnly implored, and the little circle partook of their food in gratitude and love. At the conclusion of the meal thanks were returned.

The short evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away, at this happy fireside, and, at an early hour, the father gave notice that it was time for their customary evening devotions. The family collected and gathered around the bright fire, that was glow-

ing upon the hearth. Arthur was seated at one corner, at the other were the good heads of the family, and in front the children arranged themselves together in pairs, turning their backs upon the fire, that its strong light might not shine upon their faces. At a notice from the father, the devout exercise of the beads was commenced by the eldest. One half of this devotion was performed on their knees, the other part, standing. They again knelt in silence and solemnity together, while the ecclesiastic read from "The Children's Companion," the evening tribute of thanksgiving and praise. A few moments after the pious exercise was completed, the children came, one after another, then to their father, and lastly their mother, and said, "good-night," with cheerful and happy looks. The mother left the room to accompany them.

"You have a happy family," said Arthur, when he found himself alone with his host, "and you appear to possess many sources of real enjoyment."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the farmer, "I have every thing to make me happy, but it is to the Catholic religion, alone, that I am indebted for them all."

"I have no doubt," Arthur replied, "that religion is the source of your greatest and purest happiness; but you do not mean that religion has placed you in the prosperous circumstances and situation which you enjoy!"

"Yes, sir, I owe every thing I possess, to the power which the precepts of my religion have had over me. Ten years ago, I was an unbeliever, without the knowledge of the true religion, without God, without hope in the world, and I may say, without joy, too; for, although I was engaged with great earnestness, in the pursuit of pleasure, I was, in reality, the most miserable and wretched man

alive. I was then, on this farm, but it was very far from what it is now. I was an idle, dissolute, and intemperate man, and my vicious course was fast rendering my farm a waste, my wife nearly broken hearted, and myself a vagabond. My wife, before marriage, and since, has always been a pious woman; and often when I would return home, blaspheming God, and almost delirious with liquor, I would see my wife in this room, waiting, with undiminished patience, the return of her dissipated husband. For my harsh treatment, she gave pleasant looks and soothing words. At length, the power of affection conquered, and it is through the grace of God and her means, that I am not now a ruined man—ruined in soul and body."

"But how did she exert so great an influence over you?"

"By her whole conduct: every action—every word—every look was a meek but powerful reproof to me. You cannot conceive how her dove-like eye would pierce my very soul, when I came home late at night, from some scene of riot and dissipation. There she used to sit, in the corner, and when she rose to meet me, there was such an expression of grieved and saddened feelings, and yet such a look of mildness and forgiveness, that always filled me with a momentary remorse and penitence. And sometimes, on Sunday evening, she would repeat to little William, an analysis of the sermon that she heard, just after the first gospel, at the adorable sacrifice of the mass, when I was sitting in a most melancholy mood. Once I heard her repeat a large portion of a sermon on sobriety, that seemed so pointed and full of excellent reflections, that I was disposed to be angry, from the suspicion that she designed to convey some rebuke to me in this indirect manner. But I soon reflected upon the perfect proofs which I had every hour, that she real-

ly wished my happiness, and instantly my unkind feelings vanished away. I believe, sir, I could have borne anything, but this mild forgiving spirit: it made me constantly miserable; conscience soon began to arouse itself, and one day I owned my bad conduct, wished to be of the same religion with my wife. I accordingly received instructions from the priest of this place, and knelt in the confessional and made known my guilt to him, whom I had often misrepresented, and scandalized his pious conduct."

"What was the guilt which you then saw in yourself? Were the vices, the crimes of which you speak, heavy on your soul?"

"I had a much stronger and deeper sense of these, but I soon found that these were not at the foundation of the evil; they were rather the signs of the guilt in my heart, than the guilt itself. It was my heart that wanted purifying. I had before thought, that although my actions were often very criminal, I could at any time abandon my evil courses, and I should then be as good as my wife, whom I always considered a pattern of excellence. But I soon found that there was something fundamentally wrong in the state of my affections towards God, and that, unless these were changed, unless I was a member of the true church, I should never be holy or happy. I commenced the inquiry after truth and found it. Thank God! I am a Catholic and a reformed man."

"But how did you recover your affairs from their embarrassed condition?"

"The good Catholic can accomplish anything. I made my motto—*diligent in business, fervent in spirit, and faithful in the discharge of religious obligations*; and every thing soon began to wear a smiling appearance, and you see how happy a man I am now."

"I rejoice to find that you and your family are happy. Of all the vices, to the commission of which we are allured, either by the propensities of nature or the temptations of life, there is not one that involves in it so many dangers as excessive drinking. In whatever light we consider that detestable vice, whether as pernicious to our health, destructive of our understanding, fatal to our families, or offensive to God, it stands pre-eminently abominable and destructive. So malignant, indeed, in its nature, and so pernicious in its consequences, is every sin, that we may say of the commission of each, what the women answered one another when they were congratulating the King of Israel on his success against the Philistines. (1 Kings, xviii. 7). 'Saul slew his thousands;' but of drunkenness, it may be said, it hath slain its tens of thousands.

"You abandoned that vice and with it the error of your ways, and the follies of the world. The dispositions which the enjoyment of these created in your heart, were diametrically opposite to those dispositions which our religion requires, and it deprives the person possessed of them of that calmness of spirit, and seriousness of attention, which are necessary to enable him to understand the religion of Jesus, and become acquainted with his spirit."

Here the good wife of the farmer came in, and gradually joined in the conversation; the hours passed rapidly, but profitably away, and Arthur was then shown to his place of repose.

The wind was roaring and the rain descending in torrents without, as he knelt down by the bedside, and poured out his soul before the author of his being, in grateful remembrance of the mercies he was then enjoying; he added a fervent orison that heaven would continue to bless the happy family, whose roof was then protecting him from the storm.

The night and the storm together passed away, and the eyes of Arthur opened on a delightful morning. The wind was hushed and the sun was breaking forth from the clouds, and sending his animating rays through the windows of the apartment. He arose, and repaired to the family cir-

cle to join in their morning devotions. He then sat down once more to the hospitable board, and afterwards pursued his journey to his uncle's dwelling. All nature was alive and vocal in the loveliness of spring, and Arthur went on his way rejoicing.

THE CONSULTATION OF LUTHER AND THE OTHER PROTESTANT DOCTORS, CONCERNING POLIGAMY.

"To the most serene Prince and Lord Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, of Catzenlenbogen, of the Diet of Yieghain and Nidda, our gracious Lord, we wish above all things, the grace through Jesus Christ.

"MOST SERENE PRINCE AND LORD,

"1st. We have been informed by Bucer in the instruction which your highness gave him, have read the trouble of mind and the uneasiness of conscience your highness is under at present; and although it seemed to us very difficult so speedily to answer the doubts proposed, nevertheless, we would not permit the said Bucer, who was urgent for his return to your highness, to go away without an answer in writing.

"2nd. It has been a subject of the greatest joy to us, and we have praised God, for that he has recovered your highness from a dangerous fit of sickness; and we pray that he will long continue this blessing of perfect health, both in body and mind.

"3rd. Your highness is not ignorant how great need our poor, miserable, little and abandoned church of God, has of virtuous princes and rulers to protect her; and we doubt not but God will always supply her with some such; although, from time

to time, he threatens to deprive her of them, and proves her by sundry temptations.

"4th. These things seem to us of greatest importance in the question which Bucer has proposed to us. Your highness, sufficiently of yourself, comprehends the difference there is betwixt settling a universal law, and using (for urgent reasons, and with God's permission) a dispensation in a particular case; for it is otherwise evident that no dispensations can take place against the first of all laws—the divine law.

"5th. We cannot advise to introduce publicly, and establish as a law in the New Testament, that of the Old, which permitted to have more wives than one. Your highness is sensible, should any such thing be printed, that it would be taken for a precept, whence infinite troubles and scandals would arise. We beg your highness to consider the dangers a man would be exposed unto, who should be convicted of having brought into Germany such a law, which would divide families, and involve them in endless strifes and disturbances.

"6th. As to the objection that may be made, that what is just in God's

sight, ought absolutely to be permitted, it must be answered in this manner : If that which is just before God, be, besides, commanded and necessary, the objection is true ; if it be neither necessary, nor commanded, other circumstances, before it be permitted, must be attended to ; and to come to the question in hand : God hath instituted marriage to be a society of two persons, and no more, supposing nature were not corrupted. This is the sense of that text of Genesis : ‘there shall be two in one flesh ;’ and this was observed at the beginning.

“7th. Lamech was the first that married many wives ; and the Scripture witnesseth, that this custom was introduced contrary to the first institution.

“8th. Nevertheless, it passed into custom among infidel nations ; and we even find afterwards, that Abraham and his posterity had many wives. It is also certain from Deuteronomy, that the law of Moses permitted it afterwards and that God made an allowance for frail nature. Since it is then suitable to the creation of men, and to the first establishment of their society, that each one be content with one wife ; it then follows, that the law enjoining it, is praiseworthy ; that it ought to be received in the church, and no law contrary thereto, to be introduced into it, because Jesus Christ has repeated, in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew, that text of Genesis, ‘there shall be two in one flesh,’ and brings to man’s remembrance, what marriage ought to have been before it degenerated from its purity.

“9th. All this, notwithstanding, there is room for dispensations in certain cases, for example ; if a married man, detained captive in a distant country, should there take a second wife in order to preserve or recover his health ; or that his own became leprous ; we see not how we could condemn, in these cases, such a man, as by the advice of his pastor, should

take another wife ; provided it were not with a design of introducing a new law, but with an eye only to his own particular necessities.

“10th. Since, then, introducing a new law, and the using a dispensation with respect to the same law, are two very different things, we intreat your highness to take what follows into consideration.

“In the first place, above all things, care must be taken that plurality of wives be not introduced into the world, by way of law, for every man to follow as he thinks fit. In the second place, it may please your highness to reflect on the dismal scandal, which would not fail to happen, if occasion be given to the enemies of the Gospel, to exclaim that we are like the Anabaptists, who have several wives at once ; and the Turks, who take as many wives as they are able to maintain.

“11th. In the third place, the actions of princes are placed in a fuller light than those of private men.

“12th. Fourthly, that inferiors are no sooner informed what their superiors do, but they imagine they may do the same ; and by that means licentiousness becomes universal.

“13th. Fifthly, that your highness’s estates are filled with an untractable nobility ; for the most part, very averse to the Gospel, on account of the hopes they are in, as in other countries, of obtaining the benefices of cathedral churches, the revenues whereof are very great. We know the impertinent discourses vented by the most illustrious of your nobility ; and it is easily seen how they and the rest of your subjects would be disposed in case your highness should authorise such a novelty.

“14th. Sixthly, that your highness, by the singular grace of God, hath a great reputation in the empire, and foreign countries ; and ’tis to be feared, lest the execution of this project of a double marriage should greatly

diminish this esteem and respect ; the concurrence of such a number of scandals, oblige us to beseech your highness to examine the thing with all the maturity of judgment God has endowed you with.

“15th. With no less earnestness do we entreat your highness by all means to avoid fornication and adultery, and own the truth sincerely. We have been a long time sensibly grieved to see your highness abandoned to such impurities, which might be followed by the effects of divine vengeance, distempers, and many other dangerous consequences.

“16th. We also beg of your highness not to entertain a notion that the use of women out of marriage, is but a light and trifling fault, as the world is used to imagine, since God hath often chastised impurity with the most severe punishment ; and that of the deluge is attributed to the adulteries of the great ones ; and the adultery of David has afforded a terrible instance of divine vengeance. And St. Paul repeats frequently, ‘that God is not mocked with impunity, and that adulterers shall not enter into the kingdom of God ;’ for it is said in the 2nd chapter of the 1st Epistle to Timothy, ‘that obedience must be the companion of faith, in order to avoid acting against conscience ;’ and in the 3rd chapter of the 1st of John : ‘If our hearts condemn us not, we may call upon the name of God with joy ;’ and in the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans : ‘If by the spirit we mortify the desires’ of the flesh, we shall live ; but, on the contrary, shall die, ‘if we walk according to the flesh ; that is, if we act against our own conscience.’

“17th. We have related these passages, to the end, that your highness may consider seriously that God looks not on the vice of impurity as a laughing matter, as it is supposed by those audacious libertines who entertain heathenish notions on this subject :

we are pleased to find that your highness is troubled with remorse of conscience for these disorders. The management of the most important affairs in this world, is now incumbent on your highness, who is of a very delicate and tender complexion, and sleeps but little ; and these reasons, which have obliged so many prudent persons to manage their constitutions, are more than sufficient to prevail with your highness to imitate them.

“18th. We read of the incomparable Scanderbeg, who so frequently defeated the two most powerful emperors of the Turks, Amurat II., and Mahomet II. ; and whilst alive, preserved Greece from their tyranny ; that he often exhorted his soldiers to chastity, and said to them that there was nothing so hurtful to men of their profession as unlawful pleasure ; and if your highness, after marrying a second wife, were not to forsake those licentious disorders, the remedy proposed would be to no purpose ; every one ought to be master of his own body in external actions, and see, according to the expression of St. Paul, ‘that his members be the arms of justice.’ May it please your highness, therefore, impartially to examine the considerations of scandal, of labors, of care, of trouble and of distempers, which have been represented ; and at the same time remember, that God has given you a numerous issue of such beautiful children of both sexes, by the princess, your wife, that you have reason to be satisfied therewith. How many others in marriage, are obliged to exercise and practise patience, from the motive only of avoiding scandal ? We are far from pushing on your highness to introduce so difficult a novelty into your family ; by so doing, we should draw upon ourselves not only the reproaches and persecution of those of Hesse, but of all other people, the which would be so much the less supportable to us ;

as God commands us in the ministry which we exercise, as much as we are able, to regulate marriage, and all the other duties of human life, according to the divine institution; and maintain them in that state and remove all kinds of scandal.

"19th. 'Tis now customary among worldlings, to lay the blame of every thing upon the preachers of the Gospel. The heart of man is equally fickle in the more elevated and lower stations of life; and much have we to fear on that score.

"20th. As to what your highness says; that it is not possible for you to abstain from this impure life, as long as you have but one wife, we wish you were in a better state before God, that you lived with a secure conscience, and labored for the salvation of your own soul, and gave better example to your subjects.

"21st. But after all, if your highness is fully resolved to marry a second wife, we judge it ought to be done secretly, as we have said with respect to the dispensation demanded on the same account; that is, that none but the person you shall need, and a few trusty persons, know of the matter; and they, too, obliged to secrecy under the seal of confession: hence, no contradiction, nor scandal of moment, is to be apprehended; for 'tis no extraordinary thing for princes to keep concubines; and though the vulgar should be scandalized thereat, the more intelligent would doubt of the truth; and prudent persons would approve of this moderate kind of life, preferable to adultery and other brutal actions. There is no need of being much concerned for what men will say, provided all goes right with conscience. So far do we approve it, and in those circumstances only specified by us; for the Gospel hath neither recalled nor forbid what was permitted in the law of Moses, with respect to mar-

riage. Jesus Christ has not changed the eternal economy, but added justice only, and life everlasting, for reward: he teaches the true way of obeying God, and endeavors to repair the corruption of nature.

"22nd. Your highness hath therefore, in this writing, not only the approbation of us all in case of necessity, concerning what you desire, but also the reflections we have made thereon: we beseech you weigh them as becoming a virtuous, wise, and Christian prince. We also beg of God to direct all for his glory, and your highness's salvation.

"23rd. As to your highness's thought of communicating this affair to the emperor before it be concluded, it seems to us that this prince counts adultery among the lesser sort of sins; and it is very much to be feared, lest his faith being of the same stamp with that of the Pope, the Cardinals, the Italians, the Spaniards and Saracens, he make light of your highness's proposal, and turn it to his own advantage, by amusing your highness with vain words. We know he is deceitful and perfidious, and has nothing of the German in him.

"24th. Your highness sees that he uses no sincere endeavor to redress the grievances of Christendom, that he leaves the Turk unmolested, and labors for nothing but to divide the empire, that he may raise up the house of Austria on its ruins. It is, therefore, very much to be wished, that no Christian prince would give into his pernicious schemes. May God preserve your highness; we are most ready to serve your highness. Given at Wittimberg, the Wednesday after the feast of St. Nicholas, 1539.

"Your highness's most humble and most obedient, subjects and servants.

"MARTIN LUTHER, PHILLIP MELANTHON, MARTIN BUCER, ANTHONY CORVIN, JOHN LENINQUE, JUSTUS WINTFERTE, DENIS MELANTHER."

DEATH OF BISHOP ENGLAND.

FROM THE U. S. CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

After a long and distressing illness, he expired on Monday morning the 11th inst. at 10 minutes past 5 o'clock, in the 56th year of his age, and 22d of his Episcopate. We cannot give expression to the feelings of our heart overwhelmed with grief at this irreparable calamity.

The fatigues of body and anxiety of mind attendant upon his late journey to Europe, and his arduous exertions in the cause of religion immediately on arriving in America, were too much even for his powerful constitution, and he returned to this city in December last in ill health. It was found necessary to call in medical advice. As his disease seemed slight, and we knew his constitution to be vigorous, we did hope that in a short time his health would be re-established and our sadness would be replaced by that joyful alacrity in the performance of duty, which his zeal and example never failed to inspire. But alas! we were doomed to bitter disappointment. His disease could not be arrested; and from the middle of February he was confined to his chamber. He became daily more and more feeble, and though frequently favorable symptoms would lead his friends to believe he was recovering, those hopes would ever be soon depressed by some unfavorable change; but still there appeared no reason to apprehend a fatal termination of his disease.

On the Thursday of Holy week however, it became alarming—but he soon rallied, and for nearly a week we cheered ourselves with the hopes that he had at last past the crisis. They were soon blasted. Towards the close of Easter week he relapsed, and his physicians pronounced his

case dangerous in the extreme. On Tuesday, the 10th, a solemn High Mass was offered in the Cathedral in his behalf, at which all the Catholic clergy in the city attended. Immediately afterwards, they assembled around his bed, to assist at his receiving the last sacraments of the Church, according to the rites of the Pontifical. He had already privately received the Easter communion. Never shall we forget that scene. Arranged in his Episcopal robes, his countenance pale, indeed, and emaciated, but only sufficiently so to enhance the venerable appearance of his features,—the priests and attendants struggling in vain to repress outward manifestations of the grief that wrung their hearts—he alone calm and collected, suggesting the slightest particulars that might be omitted, and correcting any mistake which they, overpowered by their emotions, might fall into—it was indeed a scene worthy of a Bishop's death-bed. On this occasion, he addressed his clergy for near half an hour, and in a strain of eloquence rarely equalled, never surpassed by himself in his happiest moments, with words burning with zeal and charity, averted to their past relations towards himself, and of his and their duties to their congregations, and gave them the most solemn paternal injunctions for their future conduct. We hope that some one may commit his words to writing, and that we may be enabled to publish them, for they must be a memento dear to every Catholic in the diocese.

A few days afterwards, he again received communion, and in the prayer he addressed aloud to the Saviour in the Eucharist, gave expression to that deep faith, that willing resigna-

tion and joyful confidence in the Providence of God which ever characterized him during life. Death found his soul not unprepared.

It had been his invariable custom never to leave the city for any time without having fully settled all his temporal affairs; and from the moment his sickness was judged serious, he devoted part of each day to this object. It was indeed moving to see him employing every moment of respite from the pain of his malady in the most fervent communion with his God, or in elucidating and arranging the most complicated affairs, with the same clearness and strength of mind he possessed in perfect health. He endeavored not to leave a single item unsettled. On Sunday, the last day of his mortal existence, he turned to his physician and inquired if he thought he had strength sufficient to sustain a long and perhaps a trying interview. The physician represented his weakness. *The affair is of importance,* he answered, *and though I expire under the effort, I feel I must make the attempt.* Such was his heroic constancy in the performance of duty and his resignation to the last. Sunday night, his sinking pulse betokened his approaching departure, and a few minutes past 5, A. M., he expired. His last effort was an inarticulate attempt to join in the prayers of the assistants. Two minutes afterwards he was no more.

The body, arrayed in full pontifical robes, was visited at his residence by weeping crowds, during the whole of Monday. At 6, P. M., it was borne by the priests to the Cathedral and laid in the grand aisle. Vespers of the dead were chanted. Next morning the office of the dead was recited, High Mass was celebrated, and the proper funeral ceremonies were performed by the Very Rev. R. S. Baker; and vespers again chanted in the afternoon. The same was done

every day since. The vault not being finished, and other preparations remaining to be completed, the body was not interred at the usual time. We understand it will be consigned to the tomb this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The body is enclosed in a cedar coffin, bearing a Latin inscription, and out side of this is a leaden coffin, on which the coat of arms of the diocese and other appropriate emblems are painted. It will be buried at his especial request, in a vault beneath his Episcopal seat, to which place also the remains of his sister, Miss Joanna M. England, will be transferred from the cemetery of St. Mary's, Hasell-st.

Thus has the Catholic Church lost one of her strongest defenders—the American hierarchy a bright luminary in its galaxy—the diocese of Charleston a wise and zealous pastor, who for twenty-one years labored faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord. Thus have we all lost a tender and loving father, and a kind and devoted friend. But, even in our grief, religion is not wanting to give us motives of consolation—we have sustained a great and irreparable loss: but he whom we love is a gainer. Every faculty of mind or of body which he received from his Maker, he dedicated in life to His service—and he completed the oblation by dying the death of the missionary: death because of the zealous performance of arduous duties. He fought the good fight, he completed his course, has reached the goal, and is now receiving the reward exceeding great, laid up in store for him.

We have written as Catholics. On the loss which the community at large have sustained in his death we say nothing; their feelings have been fully expressed. On a future occasion, we hope to present to our readers a biographical sketch of this truly great man.

PROTESTANTS AND TRADITION.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Do Protestants reject tradition as a rule of faith?

If we ask them, they will answer YES, but if we observe them we very soon will find that they do NOT. Surely they do not follow the true tradition except on very few points, but they have a tradition of their own, which they consider as their guide and the very essence of the different sects. Great many divines of the Church of England have openly taught the absolute necessity of following tradition in order to keep the apostolical doctrine, although they have endeavored to see in the ancient writers, not what they wrote, but what they should have written in order to establish the new doctrines of the Reformation. Others do speak and write against tradition as much and as bitterly as the members of any other sect, but their doctrines and conduct evidently show that they are guided by it on every occasion. Far from me to suppose that they, or at least, the majority of them, act against their consciences, or maliciously endeavor to deceive; but we know very well, that human intellect is often the dupe of illusion, which always appears as the purest light of reason, and while we are victims of passions, we consider ourselves in perfect, calm, and tranquil possession of truth.

There are many doctrines which Protestants admit, and they never found them *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures. *Infant baptism* is not *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures, and almost all the sects baptize their infants. Again, infant baptism is not *evidently* reprovèd, or, rather, is

not reprovèd at all in the Scriptures, and the Baptists evidently and positively reprove it as sinful or at least erroneous. Protestants keep holy the Sunday as a sabbath day, and they will not consider themselves authorized to select any other day to substitute in its place, although the Scriptures are silent on this subject.

Protestants do not consider themselves bound to refrain from *things strangled and from blood*, although this is expressly forbidden in the Acts of the Apostles, xv. 20, and there is no text in the Scriptures, stating that this prohibition should not be general, or that it should not last but a certain time. Only the tradition of the church has guided Protestants as well as Catholics, on this matter. I could point out many other doctrines which they have only from tradition, but this would be rather tedious, and I think it more expedient to prove the proposition by facts, generally admitted, and observations which the reader can make without entering into the discussion of any particular point.

There is in every sect, a certain number of doctrines, which may be called the code of the church, or a body of dogmas and canonical laws, by which, as by a touch-stone, they prove and distinguish their members. Should any individual deviate from these doctrines he is not considered any longer a member of that church. In order to turn him out as a heretic, or, at least, as a dissenter, they must try him, and if he pretends that his

doctrine is the very doctrine of the sect, they must convince him with the authority of the most eminent teachers of the sect, from its beginning, that is, by the *tradition* of the sect.

Moreover, a member of any of the Protestant churches, to prove that he is such, not by mere saying, but by reasonable argument, and satisfactory evidence, he must occur to the tradition of the sect. Suppose I tell to a Presbyterian, you are *not a Presbyterian*. He will not convince me by merely answering, *I am*,—he must show me that his doctrines are really those of the Presbyterian sect. But how can he do that unless he occur to the *Presbyterian tradition*? Should he point me out some of the Presbyterian ministers, and refer me to them, I would conclude that they are the depositories of the *Presbyterian tradition*. Should he tell me, I believe what the Presbyterians now believe, I would ask him, do you belong to a new sect, or at least, are you sure that you do not belong to a new sect? He would never satisfy me without some tradition.

Protestants may say, that they do admit and keep tradition, but not as a *rule of faith*. Let them consider that their sects are distinguished and constituted by their tenets, that is, by their faith, for I do not suppose that they will ever disgrace themselves so much as to say that they have battled and do now battle only for points of no importance, and unconcerned with their salvation. But as I have already observed, the tenets of a sect cannot be ascertained but by consulting its tradition. Hence, the faith of a sect must be ascertained from its tradition. And, consequently, *tradition* is the *rule of faith* of every sect.

I am aware that among Protestants, there are almost as many differences in religion as there are individuals, for we scarcely can find two men in any sect who would agree *entirely* on

every point: however, the *faith of the sect* cannot be established but by consulting its history and the body of doctrine handed down from its beginning. Otherwise there would not be any Presbyterian church or Methodist, &c., because the moral existence of a moral body depends upon the moral permanency of its life, that is, of its doctrine and constitution. Should Protestants refuse to admit these principles they would be obliged to admit that every sect commences every year and perhaps every day, for every day the individuals may change their views on religion. They either have no permanent church whatever, or they must admit tradition as their guide and rule of faith.

It might be urged that the very inconsistency of their doctrines and their frequent alterations prove that they do not follow *tradition*, for, in that case, they would continue always in the same believing. But this argument proves nothing if we remember that we speak of the *faith of the sect*, and not of the faith of those individuals who deviate from it although keeping the name of being members, and, therefore, the alteration in *the sect* always are the consequence of the deviation from its *tradition*, and it will never be *the same sect* unless by keeping the same *tradition*. It is evident that the Protestant sects are not the same that were in existence some years ago, but this only proves that it is evident that they have deviated from their tradition, that is, from their *vital principle* and therefore they are dead, and new ones have sprung up from their ashes. Had they kept their tradition, they would be in existence although their doctrine is erroneous, for errors can be permanent, if they be transmitted in a permanent and uniform manner. Tradition, indeed, in the Catholic church, proves the truth of the doctrine, not because tradition makes it true, but because tradition proves that the doctrine

comes from Christ without undergoing any alteration. Tradition is therefore a preservative against alteration, whether that which is preserved be

true or false, and, therefore, tradition in the Protestant sects, notwithstanding their error, is, as I observed, their *vital principle*.

THE CROSS.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

The light of expiring day fell upon the face of the Indian nun as she raised to her lips a small golden cross which she kissed with holy fervor, and then putting it into the hands of the venerable abbess, who, with her virgin train, stood at the bedside of the dying sister, said, in a voice of broken music, "Keep it, mother, for the sake of one whom, under heaven, it has been the means of saving from the commission of a dreadful crime."

"My father," she resumed, after a silence of some moments, "was a great chief—the boast of his own people and the terror of the whites, for wherever he moved in anger, his path was marked with blood. There were many mighty chiefs among the tribes that peopled our world of woods, but there was no chief that could be compared to my father. From a descent upon a village of the pale faces, after destroying their dwellings with fire, and murdering the helpless infant, the infirm and old, he returned to his own people laden with spoil, and followed by a number of prisoners, by whose death, amid the most cruel tortures, he intended to give pleasure to the wives and mothers of those warriors who had fallen in battle. Among these was one—a youth in the very morn of life—upon whom I no sooner looked, than I determined that he should not die; and though at the imminent hazard of my life, I effected his deliverance out of the hands of

his tormentors; and my father—who, terrible as he was to others, was ever kind to me—at length consented that he should be adopted into our tribe.

"How beautiful to me—and beautiful according to the notions of the whites—was he whom I had saved from death! His slender form was graceful as the pines of my native plains; his bright curling hair soft as the fur of the beaver; his eyes were like the lakes of our forests, when the blue sky sees itself imaged therein; his voice was like the song of the brooklet, as it speeds gaily on to join the waters of some mighty stream, and his bearing was that of a chief who had seen many battles. And I, to whom he was as a being of a brighter and a better world, soon learned to love him with all the violence of one whose passions had never been subject to the control of reason. Nor was my love unrequited. He declared to me, who had made no attempt to conceal from him the feelings of my heart, that life would be hateful to him if I did not share it with him; and, though much to the grief of my father, who would not that his blood should mingle with that of the white man, we were united.

"I then was happy—for a few brief moons, beyond expression happy!—But I soon felt that my happiness was not participated by my husband, whose days were spent in silent gloom, and whose sleep was not unfrequently

broken by deep and bitter sighs. A thought—a maddening thought—would sometimes glare across my brain that I was not beloved, and the bare possibility of it would often fill my heart with resolutions of some desperate deed by which my wronged affection should be amply revenged. But happily this mood always disappeared before his slightest glance of kindness, and then would I busy myself in seeking out causes for his unhappiness. ‘He is among a people,’ said I, ‘who neither in color, language, nor religion are like those to whom he belongs, and therefore he is unhappy. Well, then, though I cannot make my complexion like to his, nor speak to him in the language which he learned from his mother, I will for his sake become a Christian.’

“I sought the hut of an old man who had come from beyond the great waters to win us from the worship of the gods of our fathers, though as yet he had met with no success commensurate with the sufferings he had undergone for that purpose; and when I told him upon what errand I had come, the failing eye of age grew bright, and the feeble voice of the old man was raised in thanksgiving to Him who had been pleased to make him the instrument in bringing in one of the poor lost ones of this world to the heavenly fold.

“I entered upon the task which love had prompted me to undertake, with an earnestness that promised a speedy accomplishment of it; and my venerable instructor, from a similar motive, but a far purer one than mine, was eager to impart to me a knowledge of those wonderful truths, which he had been set apart by heaven to promulgate. Hours, nay sometimes whole days were given up to this delightful employment; until that, which had been begun from love of a mortal, was persisted in from love of itself; for the light of truth that flowed from the burning words

of that aged man was not long in dispelling the mists of error that had rested upon my soul, and with tears of gratitude to heaven I fell at the feet of him who had guided me into the paths of salvation, and professed myself a believer in the religion of the Cross.

“As my husband had other uses for his time than to devote it to the company of one whose deep affection was her only claim upon him, my long and frequent absences from our wigwam were unnoticed by him, and I determined to keep the cause a secret until my faith should receive the seal of baptism. That happy day arrived, and, after being washed with the waters of regeneration, and made a partaker of the bread of life, I returned home to await the coming of my husband.

“It was evening when he entered; and as I sprang up to meet him, he turned coldly from me, and throwing himself upon some mats that I had piled for his couch, said, ‘I will rest me here while thou preparest supper, for I am very weary, Sakiah.’

“‘I am no longer Sakiah,’ I said, as I stooped to kiss his forehead. ‘I am now a Christian as thou art, and my name is one I know thou lovest, for I have often heard thee name it in thy sleep.’

“‘And what is that?’ he asked quickly.

“‘Grace,’ I answered.

“‘Yes,’ said he, after a pause, and not without a struggle, ‘it is the name of a beloved—*sister*.’ He was silent for some time, and then asked, ‘What has made thee a Christian?’ But ere I proceeded far in the little story of my conversion, he interrupted me by exclaiming, ‘deluded girl! the paganism thou hast forsaken is a thousand times preferable to the Christianity thou hast embraced!’ Alas! the being I loved—even as my own life—was one of those Christians of which my instructor had told me, who im-

pute every thing that is bad in belief and practice to a great majority of their brethren; and, though I succeeded in concealing from him the bitterness of my disappointment—a disappointment severe in proportion to the happiness I had anticipated—in the hours of darkness, as I lay by his side, I literally *watered my couch with my tears*.

“At this time the people of my nation and the whites that lived between us and the great waters, had become friends; and my husband—who seemed to forget as soon as it was made known to him that change of my religion which had given him so much dissatisfaction—now represented to me how he longed to look once more upon the face of his widowed mother, whose day of life was drawing rapidly to a close; and, after frequent importunities, prevailed upon me to obtain leave from my father to allow him to return for a brief season to his early home.

“Though I sorrowed much at his departure, I was cheered with the hope of seeing him again, as he had promised, before the feast of the next new moon; but three moons came and disappeared for ever—yet the voice of my husband was not heard in our wigwam; and while the wretchedness of my mind was gradually destroying my health, I gave birth to a male child in which, though it had the dark skin of its mother, I was rejoiced to find a copy of the features, with the blue eyes and light hair of its father.

“I now resolved to seek my husband, whom my fears were ever representing to me as either ill or dead. With this resolution I acquainted no one but my venerable instructor, who would fain have made me relinquish it; but finding his efforts unavailing, said, as he hung around my neck the rosary I have since worn, with this cross attached to it, ‘When exposed to the dangers which you cannot fail

to encounter, and you find yourself weak when your strength should be greatest, look upon this cross, and, while you call to mind the sufferings of Him of whose death it is a memorial, ask for grace from above to support you in your trials, and it will assuredly be given unto you.’ He then gave me his blessing; and when night rested on the earth, I took up my child and departed.

“For three days and nights, with the exception of a few hours of necessary but uneasy slumber, with no food but a little parched maize and dried venison, I pursued my journey. But now the fire in my blood dried up the fount from which the nourishment of my child was derived, and for many hours of the fourth day I sat upon the earth, weeping in bitterness over the little sufferer, whose weak, complaining voice pierced my very soul. At length that voice was hushed, and the gentle eyes of my babe were closed for ever; and as I hid my treasure in the earth, I said in my heart, that the future could have no trial for me greater than that which I had just passed through.

“Weak of body, but with a determined spirit, I rose from the grave of my child and resumed my journey; and in a few hours came to a village of the whites, where I was welcomed by the jeers of a crowd more barbarous than the inhabitants of my native wilds. I endeavored to make known to them the object of my visit, but every effort for that purpose was received with shouts of derision, until an old man came forward who had traded among my people in his youth. To him I related my brief story, and on concluding, gave him the name of the husband I sought.

“‘Poor girl!’ said he, ‘it were better for you to have remained in your native woods. The husband you seek is now married to another.’

“‘Tell me where to find him!’ I eagerly demanded; and he pointed

to a house a small distance from us. I sprang forward; and, as the door stood open, entered unperceived by those within.

"At a window stood a young man whose arm encircled the waist, and whose eyes were bent with an expression of unutterable fondness upon the face of a beautiful creature whose head rested on his shoulder. A single glance told me who they were; and a burning desire of vengeance took immediate possession of my soul. My first thought was to rush upon them and murder them where they stood; but while I groped for the knife with which my purpose should be executed, I grasped this little cross, and the parting advice of my teacher in Christianity, recurred with a saving power to my memory. The struggle between grace and the native feelings of my woman's heart, though severe, was short; and casting myself at the feet of him who had so wantonly trampled on the affections of one whose confidence in him was only inferior to her love, I wept.

"The old trader had followed me,

and now with friendly violence forced me from the presence of my husband; and, conducting me to his own house, strove by the kindness of himself and family to make me forget the blow received from the hand of him I loved. It was a vain endeavor. Peace would no longer inhabit a heart so utterly desolate as mine; and, in the obstinacy of grief, I refused to listen to the voice of comfort, but continued to weep until I found a temporary forgetfulness in sleep.

"With the morning light I rose; and, having partaken sparingly of the food set before me, bade adieu to my kind entertainers. Then, with no wish but to remove myself as far as possible from the author of my misery, I wandered forth, until from exhaustion I fainted in the forest, where I was found by those who rescued me from death and placed me under your maternal care. Mother—sisters, farewell! and in your prayers remember her to whose comfort you so much contributed during the brief period of her residence among you."

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Let those who ne'er
Have known the agony that rends
A mother's bosom when she bends
Above the bier
Whereon is laid,
In morn of life, the good and fair,
Her hope, pride, joy and darling care,
Thy tears upbraid—
They who companionship in wo
With thee can claim will bid them flow.

For they are sent
To those who have just cause to grieve,
The o'ercharged bosom to relieve.
Then give them vent!
Our future years
We wrong, when nature bids us weep,
To shut within their fountains deep
Our gushing tears—
For O! each drop the heart drinks up,
More bitter makes life's bitter cup.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

THE SABBATH.

How calmly breaks the Sabbath morn, fortelling by the undisturbed quiet that pervades all nature, that this a day of rest, sanctified and made holy by the ordinances of Heaven. The bustle of activity is hushed, the tumult of commerce is stilled: every living being partakes of the universal repose; and care seems almost to have abandoned those who daily feel its bitterness, in the joy the return of this blessed day brings to their wearied spirits. The gentle sound of the bells, as they call the devout Christian to the worship of the Creator of the universe, seems pleasing to the ear, and bears with it a hallowed feeling. What a lovely appearance does it present to an attentive observer to behold with what care this Sabbath of the Lord is observed; to see group after group all wending their way to the temple of Jehovah. Beautifully appears this holy calm, this hallowed quiet, that characterize this day above all others; from the first dawn of morning when the refulgent lustre of the sun beams with a gentle ray over the silent abodes of man, to twilight's pensive hour when man returns thanks to the Giver of all Mercies for blessings vouchsafed, and prays for a renewal of them from the fountain of goodness; even in the deep watches of the night the remembrance that this is the day which the Lord God hath appointed wherein He is to be served, not by outward show, or prayer uttered by the lips—oh, no! God requires more. "Son, give me thy heart," are the words from his own

most sacred mouth, and if with the humble faith of the Christian we present our hearts before the Throne of his Divine Majesty, he will most assuredly accept it. And when, with trusting hearts, we repair to his holy temple, and offer Him the homage of our being and our life, oh, think you not his spirit hovers around us and accepts our prayers! for He has said, "*when two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them.*" Oh! may He be ever with us, directing us in his holy law.

PAINTINGS.

There is a something peculiarly interesting and touching to the feelings, in the sight of ancient paintings.—When we behold a piece executed by some celebrated master, no matter how worn, old or nearly destroyed it may be, still there is a something whispers to us that we are beholding a relic of the past. The spirits of the departed seem lingering around a dearly loved shrine; we trace the soft lineaments, and almost imagine we behold the painter in his studio, seated at his easel, the soft light of Italy's sky streaming through the open casement. Inspiration sits upon the calm brow of the artist, and the touches of his pencil breathe life and animation over the senseless canvas. Oh! who is there that sees but the name of a Raphael, and numberless other bright and glorious geniuses, who does not feel that their very names are hallowed amid the memories of the past. By this great art, numberless beauties and events of stirring interest, have

been preserved, and transmitted from one age to another. In the rotunda of the Capitol there are several specimens of the painter's skill; in one place we see the Father of his Country, surrounded by his family, in the calm quiet of domestic life; and again we find him victorious in the field of glory. Who is there that does not love to gaze upon the image of a dear, a much loved friend, perhaps far away! The waves of ocean may intervene, and in distant lands, far removed from early associations, they dwell as exiled wanderers, whom the soft tones of friendship never reach; or perhaps they have gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Oh! then we feel the blessings of this lovely art, when we gaze upon their portraits, and see how faithfully every feature of those beloved ones is there traced, then we love the painter, and bless and revere his glorious art.

MORNING.

There is a freshness and beauty in the early morning more than at any other time. Noon has its beauties; enlivened by the genial rays of the mid-day sun it claims our admiration for its resplendence. Night, quiet and lovely, demands our praise. But the cool feeling, the calm serenity of a summer's morn brings the rose of health to the cheek of the invalid, and gives the tottering step, weakened by disease, elasticity and firmness. In the morning the flowers have a sweeter perfume: the various inhabitants of the garden open their petals to catch the first gentle rays of the orb of light and warmth. The birds hail this portion of the day as one of peculiar loveliness, and their grateful matin hymns ascend, in blissful unison, from every tree and bush, proclaiming the dawn of another day. Even the green blades and daisy of the field rear their heads to catch the refreshing breezes: for the scorching

heat has not yet bowed their tender leaves. Oh! there is a peculiar charm in the morning which it is vain to search for at any other period of the day.

NATURAL SCENERY.

There is a charm in the wild, free beauty of nature, not to be surpassed by any works of art, no matter how glorious or sublime they may be. The beauties of architecture are various and wonderful, but in the course of time they must decay, though they be reared of the enduring marble, or wrought from the solid rock. But nature's architecture is varied and wonderful indeed, yet all enduring: as bright and lovely now as when the Creator first blessed his work and said that it was good.—Vain are the enchantments of art, vain are the attractions of pleasure, when compared to the works of the Deity, seen in every flower that scents the gale, or the humblest rivulet that bathes the gentle lily's roots. Oh! how beauteous are the verdant hills, the sweet shade of the tall trees, the perfume of numberless flowers, the delicious air that enlivens and invigorates the human frame. Oh! give me the works of God as viewed in objects that present themselves in rural scenery, and man's inventions sink to insignificance before a petal of the violet or the most tiny blade that blooms in the field.

THE SEASONS.

Every season has its own peculiar beauties. Spring, with its genial showers, enlivens nature and prepares the earth to bring forth her various productions. The snow has melted from off the ground, and the balmy breezes fill the air, the flowers are budding and putting forth their tender leaves to catch the refreshing dews, and the young blades of grass and the wild daisy spring up in every

field. But, in due course of time, spring, with all its beauty, passes; and summer, lovely summer, ripening into maturity, comes in its place.— This is truly a season to be much admired: the garden is filled with roses, and the wind, the free careless summer wind, is loaded with the perfume of the flowers, and the trees are bending low with the weight of their rich burdens. The labor of the husbandman is to be seen in the fields of waving corn and wheat. But all this too passes away; and autumn, beautiful autumn, comes with the sear and yellow leaf and the visible decay of vegetation. The trees are dismantled of their beauty, and their crackling branches are borne to the ground, and the farmer reaps the rewards of long days of toil in the burning sun, by filling his granaries with the returns of the harvest. But autumn has departed; and winter, stern, majestic winter has usurped the reign.

The winds blow shrill and clear, and the hoar frost covers the frozen ground, and the hail patters against the window. One of the greatest beauties of this season is the snow-storm, when the earth is shrouded from our view by its pure white covering. Thus in their various turns roll round the seasons, ordained by God, who in his wisdom formed this order for the benefit of the human family. In spring, the soft melody of the feathered songster charms our ear, and in summer the forests resound with the music of numberless birds; and even when winter has stripped the trees and bushes of their leaves, the little snow-bird may oft be seen skipping from one icicle to another and delighting in his solitary chirrupings. Thus all conduces to our own happiness. God is our benefactor; and we should bow in grateful homage before the throne of his Divine Majesty.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER III.

O mare, O marc non so, l'ampie e profonda

Tue vie tentar.

O mare immenso, O immenso rivo, O Dio!

FRANZONI.

'O the depths of the riches of God!' exclaims St. Paul, when, in his mood of inspiration and rapture, he contemplated the attributes of Him who is. Infinitely beyond the loftiest flights of the human mind, lies the nature of our Creator. His mode of existence may be revealed to us, we never can comprehend it. The sublimest orders of the heavenly hierarchy,

bow down in prostrate adoration—and unable to penetrate into the *light inaccessible*, in which he has made his throne, they rend the heavens with their exclamations: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts."

"It is objected, Mr. Clermont, that God is essentially one, and therefore cannot be three in persons," Elizabeth remarked.

"It is but an objection," replied Charles, "God is, indeed, but one in nature, but we are commanded to believe, that there are three persons in one and the same God."

"The Unitarian does not admit any

such command ; upon what grounds do you establish it ?”

“ Charles, you must again have recourse to your author ; he will, no doubt, clear up the point,” said Emilie.

“ We are bound to believe all that God has revealed ; can this proposition be called in question ?” asked Charles.

“ Certainly not,” replied Elizabeth.

“ But how are we to know what he has revealed, except from Scripture and tradition ? From both of these sources it will, then, be necessary for me to adduce authorities substantiating the august doctrine of the Trinity ; and that can easily be done. First from the pages of the ancient Testament : for it is of vital importance to know what the Jews believed on these disputed subjects : and this belief will be the best criterion, by which to judge of many essential, but controverted points of doctrine. On this, I think, we must all agree. For, as the Jews were once the people of God, and the true believers, what they professed as a people, could not but be true because it must have been revealed. And if once true, it must always be so ; for truth, like its eternal author, is unchangeable.”

“ Well, then, Mr. Clermont, can it be proved that the doctrine of the Trinity was revealed to the children of Abraham ?” asked Elizabeth.

“ My author states,” returned Charles, “ that it never was *expressly* revealed to them, that there are three persons, namely, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost—but—”

“ It is not necessary that there should have been an *express* revelation of this particular,” interrupted Elizabeth ; “ all I seek to know is, whether there can be adduced passages from the ancient Testament, obscurely, or indirectly insinuating, that in the God-head there is more than one person.”

“ There can undoubtedly be cited such passages ; even from the very

first text in Genesis, according to several Holy Fathers, the doctrine of the plurality of persons, may be deduced : ‘ In the beginning *God* created the Heaven and the earth :* ‘ and the *Spirit* of the *Lord* was carried upon the waters.† Here is mention made of three : viz. *God*, the *Spirit*, and the *Lord*. This interpretation is given particularly by Origen, who flourished in the third century, and is ranked among the most learned of the primitive Fathers : and his interpretation is admitted by St. Augustin, in his treatise on the book of Genesis.”

“ These are great names, names whose authority I venerate, and to whose learning, wisdom, and piety, I pay, with all the world, a merited tribute and homage.”

“ I am glad to hear you express yourself in such terms of the ancient Fathers of the church,” said Charles. “ Were their authority equally respected by our friends, there would be more to unite themselves to the Catholic church : for, then, it seems to me, the more we examine and reflect, the more shall we feel convinced that the Fathers were beyond doubt Catholics. You, perhaps, have read or heard the declaration of St. Augustin, who averred, that were it not for the authority of the Catholic church, he would not have consented to admit the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.”

“ He surely was a Catholic,” said Elizabeth, smiling—“ no one can call that fact in question.”

“ And so were all the holiest and wisest of men down to the Reformation,” remarked Charles ; “ down to the Reformation I am aware that the virtues and authority of the Fathers had little weight with Luther ; and, indeed, it would have been very surprising if they had : because their doctrines and maxims are all in direct contradiction to his.”

* Chap. I. verse 1.

† Verse 2.

"He was a profane and lawless character, indeed," said Elizabeth.

"This every sensible man must be convinced of, who will take the trouble to peruse his strange interview with Satan, as related by himself: in which we are informed that he was induced by the persuasion of this dark and infernal instructor to abolish the mass.

"Nevertheless, he has followers!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "How depraved is human nature!—but Mr. Clermont, we are losing sight of our great question—will you be kind enough to continue the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity?"

"We read in Genesis,"* resumed Charles, "that when the Almighty determined to create man, he thus addressed himself: 'Let *us* make man to our own image and likeness:'" in this passage is denoted a plurality of persons; and consequently, the Trinity is obscurely shadowed out."

"Let us make man," repeated Elizabeth, as it were pondering over each word—"the Almighty speaks in the plural number—but so do kings."

"I confess this text would not have much weight," said Charles, "had it not been interpreted in favor of the Trinity, by some of the most ancient Fathers, amongst whom, are particularly quoted, by my author, Origen, Basil, Chrysostom, and Ambrose. Of course, no matter how obscure the text may be, it is manifest, from these authorities, that the Trinity was believed by the primitive Christians, by whom, as well as by us, those Fathers were esteemed as oracles. And what the primitive Christians believed must have been the true faith, and what was the true faith in their time, is equally so at the present era, and shall continue the same for ever. But allow me to continue. We read in the Psalms, the following verse: 'May *God* bless

us, *our God*, may *God* bless us?† The name of God is here mentioned thrice. In the first and last place, says my author, as the Father and the Holy Ghost; in the second place, as our Saviour.

"For this reason we may suppose it is, that in the second instance, the pronoun *our*, is placed before God, as the second person, having become our Saviour, is in a striking manner, *our God*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "if Calvary could speak, it would tell how deservedly he is ours!"

"To remind us of his sufferings on Calvary, we raise the crucifix on our altars," said Charles.

"I have never, but once, entered the vestibule of a Catholic church, and then—O what emotions—" She could not finish her sentence—tears rolled from her eyes, and her heart was full.

"Dear Elizabeth, you are overcome," said Paulina. "Charles, continue your subject—"

"I wish to observe," resumed Elizabeth, wiping away her tears with her handkerchief, "that when I cast my eye upon the image of our Redeemer expiring on the cross, the reflection strongly forced itself upon my mind, that in your churches only, do we perceive the crucifix—the emblem of all our hopes, and the instrument of our redemption."

"And the Catholics are the only Christians who continue the ancient custom of making the sign of the cross, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," added Emilie; "a custom to which Protestants object, because it is followed by the Catholics; I cannot see what other objection they can have to it."

"And the Unitarians object to it," remarked Elizabeth, "because it professes the doctrine of the Trinity."

* Chapter I. verse 26.

† Ps. lxvi. verse 8.

"The truth of that dogma," continued Charles, "is again supported by the text from Isaiah: 'Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of armies.*' Holy is thrice repeated, denoting three persons, and that each of them is God. These testimonies, I think, may suffice, dear Miss Preston, to show that the Jews had, if not a clear, at least an obscure, idea of the most sacred mystery of the Trinity."

"I am convinced that they had, Mr. Clermont, and, though educated in the contrary belief, I am now satisfied, that it is the duty of every Christian to admit and adore it."

"I will now adduce the passages from the New Testament, which positively inculcate the doctrine," said Charles.

"My dear Elizabeth," said Constantia, "we do not pretend to understand the mystery of the Trinity. It were pride and presumption to think of understanding what is infinite. As well might we attempt to fathom the eternity of the Godhead. But I will remark that the Unitarian admits no mystery in religion, and a thousand in nature."

"Singular inconsistency," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"He cannot understand his own existence. He cannot understand how the soul acts upon the body—how he thinks, moves, and wills. He cannot understand the grass he treads on: every thing in nature is a mystery to him. And if he refuses to believe, merely because he cannot comprehend, I do not see why he does not reject the very existence of the Supreme Being—because, as I just said, who can comprehend his nature! How he has existed without any beginning, and will exist for ever and ever. And yet he will be the first, as he casts his eyes over creation, to exclaim:

Chap. verse 36.

'Here recognise the God who rules above,
And causes all to live, and act, and move:

His hand divine indelibly impressed,
His own bright image on my mortal breast.

And scarce had reason dawned upon my mind,

I felt he was the Lord of human kind.'

Faith requires docility of mind; the proud cannot possess it. And without faith, what is man? Philosophy never can supply its place. This, all past ages have proved, and the infidelity of France has illustrated in a manner the most conclusive. The philosopher, who is destitute of religion, is far from being a wise man, whilst the simplest peasant, with religion and faith, is more wise than the impious sage."

"Of this truth, I am becoming more perfectly convinced, the farther we advance into the details of this august subject," said Elizabeth. "Already, do I begin to feel that consolation which religious faith can alone inspire, and without which, as I have somewhere read, the mazy labyrinth which it is our destiny to thread below, will be inextricable and covered with darkest gloom. Through that labyrinth, the seraph Faith, with the sacred torch of religion, will guide and cheer our pilgrim way."

CHAPTER IV.

Gloria Summa Patris, natique, et Flaminis almi

Una eademque tribus Natura....una protestas

Majestas eadem.

VIDA.

"It will be proper for you, Charles, to produce the principal texts from the New Testament, shewing the doctrine of the Trinity," said Emilie.

"Elizabeth will no doubt be pleased, and her faith will be strengthened."

"I thank you for the suggestion, Emilie, "I am very desirous to hear those passages."

"My author," returned Charles, "before quoting those texts, makes some preliminary remarks, which appear to me both instructive and ingenious. He observes, that the idea of the Trinity, may be derived from the universe, in which every kind of beings are divided into three classes. For instance, spiritual beings—the angels—are divided into three hierarchies, and each hierarchy into three orders—again the human soul is endowed with three faculties: will, memory, and understanding—in the latter, particularly, there appears a vivid image of the Trinity; for the soul is one, and indivisible, and yet it has three distinct faculties or powers; yet, each of these powers is perfectly distinct, one from the other, and yet the soul continues simple and one.

"How incomprehensible is the constitution of the human soul! By the will, man can choose for himself, either good or evil—by the memory, he can treasure up in his mind whatever he reads, hears, or sees; and by the understanding, he can reason, deduce consequences, and discriminate according to his pleasure."

"Oh! what a pity, that these faculties are so much abused," ejaculated Elizabeth.

"Alas! nothing is more abused than they are; returned Charles, "the understanding, which, like a sun in the soul, was lighted there by the Creator, to dissipate the darkness of perverse nature, is too often shrouded in obscurity: the passions extinguish, or at least greatly obscure it, and the will being vitiated, and the memory retentive only of what can afford pleasure to the senses, the nature of man degenerates from its lofty destination, and is degraded down to the level of the brute creation. Yet this is all the consequence of a perverse use of free-will.

"The pathetic apostrophe of our Saviour to the obdurate city of Jeru-

salem, has often caused me to think, how strangely man may err, of his own choice, from duty and happiness, and harden his soul against the appeals of grace.

"I allude as you know, to these words, so beautiful and pathetic: 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often have I wished to gather thy children, even as the hen gathereth her little ones under her wings, and *thou wouldst not.*' Yes, from this passage it is too lamentably evident that the Jews made a bad use of the freedom of their wills; because our Saviour expressly says, that they *would not*; and this proves another important doctrine of the Church, that of free-will."

"It is passing strange, that any reasonable sect, calling themselves Christians, could question the free-will of man," remarked Elizabeth.

"And yet Luther has written a treatise against free-will," said Charles. "He styles it *de servo arbitrio*! According to him man is a mere automaton, and all the followers of the monk of Witemberg, are the creatures of dire necessity. Of course, they cannot merit, nor can they sin—because sin is wilful—not compulsory.

"If this were so, why did God give commandments? and why does he threaten the wicked with eternal punishments, and promise the just eternal rewards?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "without the true faith to guide us, we are the victims of every extravagance and error."

"Faith will form the subject of a future conversation, if you should desire it," Miss Preston," said Charles.

"Virginia Wolburn recommended that I should enter carefully and thoroughly into that great subject—and I will not fail to follow her advice, and profit by the opportunity now offered by your instruction.

"My author treats that topic in a manner which cannot but interest you, but we must first examine the texts from the New Testament, which prove the doctrine of the Trinity as set forth in the Athanasian creeds."

"What is the doctrine of the Athanasian creeds," enquired Elizabeth. "Will you be pleased to inform me?"

"This is the Catholic Faith," read Charles, "that we believe one God in three persons, and venerate three persons in the Unity of the Godhead: neither confounding the persons, nor separating the substances. The person of the Father, is different from that of the Son, and that of the Son, is different from that of the Holy Ghost. But of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the divinity is the same, their glory equal, their majesty co-eternal....the Father immense; the Son immense; the Holy Ghost immense. The Father is eternal; the Son eternal; the Holy Ghost eternal: and yet there are not three immense, but one immense: not three eternal, but one eternal."

"This is a sublime and incomprehensible doctrine, but the doctrine of the Catholic church. And not only of the Catholic, but the Protestant, also—which has been handed down to our times. This creed was composed by St. Athanasius, from whom it derives its name."

"In what age did he flourish?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the fourth age," returned Charles, "at an era, when the divinity of Christ, and of course the Trinity, was attacked by the Arians."

"Was the doctrine of Athanasius the doctrine of the orthodox church?" asked Elizabeth.

"It was: and that holy man, was a victim to the fury of the heterodox party. In his creed is contained the dogma of the Trinity, as it was then believed, as it has been believed in

all succeeding ages, and as it is believed, at this day, by the Catholic Church."

"I most firmly acquiesce in the belief of that dogma," said Elizabeth with great earnestness of manner, and clasping her hands with deep emotion and fervour, "I bow down my mind with all its faculties, and adore the three persons of the Trinity."

"Our blessed Saviour himself," continued Charles, "has distinctly revealed this mystery, in more than one part of his sacred Scriptures. For instance, when he gave the solemn commission to his apostles, and their successors, to carry his gospel through the whole world; when he commanded them to preach to Jews and to Pagans, the saving truths which he had communicated to them; when he enjoined on them the indispensable duty of baptizing all who should believe, this was to be done in the name of the Trinity."

"In what part of the Testament is this fact recorded?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew."

"Will you oblige me by repeating the words of our Saviour?"

"They are these: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: baptizing them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'* The Trinity could not be more unequivocally made known to us, the language is plain—and it would appear incontrovertible; and still the Unitarians deny the mystery. How can they get over such explicit terms?"

"I have often asked them this question, and invariably received the same answer."

"And what answer did you receive?"

"Why, they sheltered themselves from the truth, under the old difficulty.

*Verse 19.

Its incomprehensibility ! — Strange subterfuge !”

“Upon this principle, they might and even should, to be consistent, deny the motion of the earth,” said Emilie, “since they do not comprehend how this can exist.”

“In the text cited before,” said Charles, “there are two important points of faith inculcated, neither of which is admitted by the Unitarian, and one of which only is admitted by many denominations of the present day. The first is that which we have already been discussing.”

“And what is the other, Mr. Clermont ?” asked Elizabeth, begging to be excused for interrupting him.

“The other is baptism,” he replied : “the unconditional necessity of which is implied in the text in question, and distinctly marked in several other parts of the instructions of the Redeemer.”

“There might appear some shadow of reason why the Protestant denies the necessity of infant baptism,” said Elizabeth, “but how the Quaker can reject baptism altogether, is to me inconceivable—since he styles himself a Christian.”

“Especially, as our Saviour himself deigned to be baptized by John the Baptist,” remarked Paulina. “If baptism be an idle, useless ceremony, why did the Redeemer suffer John to perform it on his own divine person ? and how could the Holy Ghost, appearing over the Jordan’s waters in the shape of a dove, give his sanction to it, if it were useless ? By the by, Charles, the plurality of persons in the Godhead is clearly evinced from the fact to which you allude. For, if Christ was divine—he was one person of the Godhead—and the Holy Ghost who appeared, was another person—but it can be proved that Christ is divine.”

“That subject will be cleared up to Elizabeth’s satisfaction—no doubt,” said Emilie.

“Therefore,” continued Paulina, “there are at least two persons—”

“This is very plain,” said Elizabeth, ere Paulina could finish her sentence, “and as to the divinity of Christ, though I wish to discuss that subject with you likewise, I do not see how I can doubt it at all.”

“In the Gospel of St. John,” resumed Charles, “the Trinity of persons is taught by the beloved disciple, and it may be well to cite the text at large. It is taken from the first epistle of St. John, chapter the fifth, verse the seventh : ‘For there are three that bear testimony in heaven ; the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost—and these THREE are ONE!’”*

“This text brings to my recollection some pretty lines, by Euphrasia Spencer ; which, though not from an experienced pen, are not without force and accuracy :

‘There are three in the Heaven of Heaven :

The Father, the Spirit, the Word ;
All-Glorious, Omnipotent, Even,
And Each our Creator and Lord.

The Father, the Spirit of love,
And the Saviour of nations—the Son :
These three bear their witness above :
And, these Three, bearing witness,
are ONE.”

“Really Euphrasia writes with taste,” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“Well enough, for a young lady,” said Charles, smiling.

“And perhaps, better than many a young gentleman,” retorted Paulina,

* Although the authenticity of this famous text is now questioned by the gravest theologians, nevertheless, as it is found in the body of the sacred writings, and has been handed down from the earliest ages, it cannot but bear weightily on the subject under consideration. Especially as it has been quoted by some of the ancient fathers of the church.

in good humor. "At any rate, her lines are perfectly orthodox and scriptural; she is now solemnly convinced of the doctrine of the Trinity. For, you must remark, Elizabeth, that Euphrasia was originally a Unitarian, but after examining the subject thoroughly as you have done,—after having investigated the subject, she became convinced, and under her first, fervent convictions, she wrote the lines which I have just cited."

"Most cordially do I repeat and believe," said Elizabeth:

"And these Three bearing witness, are one."

"This doctrine is, in every respect, conformable to that of St. Paul," added Charles: "who, in concluding his second Epistle to the Corinthians, thus addressed them:† 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' Nothing could be plainer than these expressions, and still are they tortured from their meaning. But what will not men have recourse to, when they are determined to uphold their opinions, and persevere in their errors. Alas! my dear Miss Preston, the world is full of errors, which pretend to trace their origin to the Holy Scriptures. From the earliest times, has Scripture been misunderstood; and St. Peter positively affirms, that the unstable and unlearned wrested the epistles of St. Paul to their destruction. And of how many may not the same be said at the present day? In reading the second epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, I know not what sensations were excited in my bosom, at the prediction of that Apostle of the Gentiles, of what was to be the state of things in *the last days*, to use his own terms."

"Without applying it to any particular denomination, or class of men,"

said Constantia, "for charity forbids us to be too harsh—we should rather pity our erring brethren—read the passage to us, Charles."

"I assure you, Constantia, and you know it to be true, many a tear have I shed over the condition of some of our dear dissenting friends, in whom are combined all the tenderest sympathies and charities, and who, were they only members of the true church, would be perfect."

"Yes, Charles, I frequently have seen you excessively affected on many occasions—but your sensibility and charity should not prevent you from quoting the language of Scripture—you will make no personal application of it."

In compliance with his sisters' request, Charles Clermont took from his pocket a neat edition of the New Testament, and turning over to the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, read as follows:* "Know also this, that, in the last days, shall come on dangerous times, men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers.....ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness; traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures, more than of God. Having an appearance, indeed, of godliness, but denying the power thereof—now these avoid: For of this sort are they that creep into houses, and lead captive silly womenever learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth."

"How correct and striking a picture of our own times!" exclaimed Emilie; "there is no one that sets up as a preacher, but can find some followers."

"And this has been the case from the beginning of christianity," remarked Charles. "Simon Magus had followers—so had Nicholas; so had Ebion, Cerinthus, Manes, Elxai, Va-

* Corinth. chap. xiii. verse. 13.

* Corinth. chap. 3.

lentinus, Arius, Nestorius, Eutyches, and all the primitive heresiarchs. It is not then to be wondered at, if more modern dogmatizers should have been no less successful in attracting abettors around their persons. It is, I repeat it, by no means astonishing, especially, as Christ and his Apostles have foretold, that such should be the case, to the end of time. When Berengarius, the first dogmatizer who presumed to preach against the eucharist, dared to stand alone in his new doctrine, against the entire world, it was not long before he procured some unstable followers to embrace his novelty."

"If Berengarius was the first to call in question the real presence," said Elizabeth, "the whole world must have believed it before his day."

"And the whole world did believe it. Berengarius repented and died in the bosom of the church," said

Charles. "But this topic is foreign from our present discussions—you will examine that hereafter, when you will have an opportunity of conversing on the subject with some of our clergy."

"God grant that that opportunity may offer itself, Mr. Clermont," returned Elizabeth,—“but I see little prospect of it at present—Papa is so prejudiced; although he has no faith—and openly boasts, that he looks upon faith as an absurdity.”

"I have had occasion to know his sentiments, Miss Elizabeth; while he calls himself an Unitarian, he is in principle, a Deist."

"I fear it is too true," sighed Elizabeth, "and mamma and sister are so religious in their way, so sincere in their profession of Unitarianism, that they would regard it almost impiety in me, to express a sentence fa-

vorable towards the Catholic religion.

"We were aware of this disposition in your otherwise excellent family," said Charles.

"Papa remarked the other day, when the subject of Virginia Wolburn's conversion was introduced, that if any of his family were to take such a step, he would——" Elizabeth was here overcome—a conflict of love for her father, and duty to embrace that faith which she was convinced could be the only true one, agitated her bosom, and roused all her sensibilities.

"But, I trust, oh, I confidently trust," she continued, "that he will always prove a father to me."

"If your father should reason on the subject——"

"He has an insuperable aversion to controversy."

"Could he not be induced to read some Catholic works?" asked Charles.

"Nothing, I think, could induce him."

"This is the most lamentable state to which the mind can be brought. I never was more astonished, than when I read a letter from Governor Raymunde, in which he states, that he had all his life avoided disputed points of religion: and that, although he had been a constant reader for forty years, he had never perused a page of any writer, upon any controverted point of religion. In this particular, the Governor does not evince much wisdom: he has devoted himself to human studies, to controversial points of law, science, literature, &c.; but he deems the grandest and sublimest of all disquisitions, unworthy his time, or his attention. And this is often the case with many of our *great* men."

WORKS NEWLY DISCOVERED BY CARDINAL MAI.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of the many invaluable works which this most eminent scholar and illustrious Cardinal has discovered and published : but merely to direct the attention of the reader to some remarks which he makes in his analysis of the unpublished writings of St. Cyril. They are as follows:

"I may be asked why I have edited in Greek only St. Cyril and some few authors embraced in this my new collection? The reason is, that being, thus to speak, embarrassed by the abundance and number of good writers whom I every day discover, and pressed, on the other hand, by the want of time and leisure, I believed it would be more useful and important to give publicity to some precious remnants of sacred antiquity—and thus to rescue them, perhaps, from total destruction. It is on this account that I have been so avaricious of my pages.

For the rest, if God spares my life, it is my design to translate into Latin at least the extracts of St. Cyril, so that persons unacquainted with the Greek, may not be deprived of the knowledge of the doctrine of this holy father.

In fact, we see him, almost in every page, teaching and defending the divinity of the Word, and all the divine economy of his ineffable incarnation; as well as the doctrine of the two natures and two operations of Jesus Christ. He professes openly and clearly several dogmas of Christian theology, such as the institution of the sacrament of penance, the aid and necessity of divine grace, the resurrection of the flesh, the immortality of the soul and the eternity of

punishments. He refutes the Gentiles, the Jews, the Macedonians, the Eutycheans, the Phantasiasts, the Marcionites, and the Manicheans; in a word, all heretics, whom he styles the *Gates of Hell*. But those whom he combats more particularly are the Arians and Nestorians; those, as bishop of the city which gave birth to Arius, these, as being a pest which spread on all sides, and which he contributed much to check. He explains, with admirable eloquence, the evangelical parables, the Lord's prayer, the sermon of our Saviour, the treasures of the divine bounty. He celebrates the perpetual virginity of Mary, and her divine maternity; he shows, in the happiest manner, the conformity between the ancient and New Testament, the gospel and Moses and the Prophets, and Paul and the Psalmist. He introduces into the discussion, with a kind of spontaneity and force of mind, the most beautiful interpretations. He accumulates and scatters—thus to speak—in great abundance, moral admonitions on the shunning of pleasures, the pardon of injuries, paternal love, apostolic life, moral courage to preserve the orthodox faith among heretics, fervent prayer, efficacy of fasting, hatred of the world, contempt of riches, etc. etc.

In a word, St. Cyril clearly teaches the mystery of the real presence of Christ under the eucharistic veil; and even confirms the dogma of transubstantiation by these words: "It was necessary that, by the Holy Ghost, God himself should dwell in us in a manner the most fitting, and that he should spread himself, if the term may be used, through our bodies, by means of his body and precious

blood which we possess by his vivifying benediction in the bread and wine. *For, lest we should be seized with fear, if we were to see the body and the blood offered before our eyes on the sacred tables of the Churches, God, who indulges our weaknesses, inspires a vital force into the species, and transmutes them into the reality of his body.*"

He then concludes his discourse with this remarkable sentence: "*And do not begin to doubt whether this is true or not, since he has expressly said: THIS IS MY BODY, THIS IS MY BLOOD; on the contrary, receive with faith the word of the Saviour, who being truth itself, does not deceive.*"*

To this unequivocal testimony what will the innovators of our times be able to reply?

There is extant also, a very beautiful homily of St. Cyril on the Eucharist, which has before been published by Auberts; and was proba-

bly the last he addressed to his people, as in it he says that he was weighed down with the burden of life, and so stooped and feeble, as to be hardly able to stand upon his feet. He defended the Catholic belief by proving from Scripture, *the consecration takes place by the words of Jesus Christ.* This homily, as I have just said, was probably his last: the former was, beyond doubt, the first which he addressed to his people as archbishop, as he mentions in it that he had just succeeded to Theophilus.†

With regard to the supremacy of the Pope, he thus expresses himself, in alluding to the Council of Ephesus, under Celestine: "Of this we have a witness worthy of belief, the most holy *archbishop of all the world*, Celestine, the Father and Patriarch of the great City of Rome."

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES,

IN THE PASCHAL TIME.†

Tristes erant Apostolici, &c.

I.

Depressed and sad the apostles were,
Because of Christ's dread agony:
By impious hirelings doomed to die,
In cruel pains upon the tree.

II.

But to the women soon appeared
The angel who proclaimed him risen:
And Christ will soon with gladness fill
His flock—triumphant from death's prison.

* St. Cyril died in 444.

† In 412, Cyril was made archbishop of Alexandria.
‡ At Vespers and Matins.

III.

Quick to the apostles as they fly,
With joy their anxious hearts to inspire,
They find, in person Christ had left
Where now they stood, his tracks of fire.

IV.

To Galilee's high mountain tops
The apostles hasten—and behold!
The glory of their master beams
Around them—as he had foretold.

V.

That thou, O Jesus, to our hearts
A paschal joy may'st ever be,
Asunder burst the grave of sin,
And to a new life set us free.

VI.

Glory to God the Father sing
And to the Son, triumphant o'er
The grave, and to the Paraclete,
For ever and for ever more.

HYMN FOR ONE MARTYR.*

Invicte martyr, unicum.

I.

Martyr, who, with undaunted soul,
Following the Father's only Son,
Didst triumph o'er thy earthly foes,—
And now enjoy'st a heavenly crown.

II.

We pray thee, lend thy powerful aid
To rescue us from sin and strife:
Shield us from evil—and dispel
The weary languor of this life.

III.

The galling fetters now are burst,
Which here thy holy body bound:
Oh! by the gracious gift of God,
Break those which bind us to the ground.

IV.

Unto the Father and the Son,
And holy Paraclete, to thee—
Be glory as it ever was,
And is, through all eternity.

* At Lauds.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A CONVERT.

As Christ the Saviour of the world is infallible, so likewise is his church of which he is the chief corner-stone. Obedience to the Lord our God, who commanded us to hear the church, is the beginning of wisdom: For he says: "He who heareth you, heareth me;" and according to the apostles, "the Church is the pillar and ground of truth;" the infallible truth of God's word must therefore be the standard of the same church, which always is, and always was, the same, from the beginning.

If any of your readers should hesitate to give full credence to the foregoing passage, then let him read the following: "The spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you. This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you. They are not of the world: as I also am not of the world. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me. All things are delivered to me by my Father. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, &c. Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass away. He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth. And to Simon Peter he said: Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt

loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven. You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid. Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them; and he said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: And whose sins you shall retain, they are retained. I am with you all days to the consummation of the world. I am the life and the resurrection. All that shall come to me, shall live, and I will be their Father. I abide in the Father, and the Father abides in me. I and the Father are one: The Alpha and the Omega: The beginning and the end." When it is considered that the wisdom of man is but foolishness in the sight of God, it would be unwise indeed to take up our stand on opposite ground.

The great efforts which Protestants are constantly making to excite feelings of disgust and animosity, against the pretended danger of what they are—by way of derision and contempt—pleased to call Popery, has been hitherto attended with no worse effect than that of keeping the watchmen of our Sion on the alert. How men can reconcile their profession of gospel charity, with the bitter invectives, and outrageous imputations, or wilful perversion by misrepresentation of Catholic principles, against that church, it is impossible to conceive; yet so they do. If unity, concord in the bond of charity, can harmonize so many nations, tribes and tongues and people, in the same worship of truth, can it be thought possible that a system which promotes that

unity, concord, &c., should have its origin in corruption. Can any man be so silly as to believe so foul a calumny? Are their senses so perverted that they cannot behold the truth without being offended? Or can they suppose that a system of that magnitude could be for only one day maintained without the strong hand of a gracious Providence? Surely, though Protestants lay claim to the exclusive monopoly of Bible authority, we can tell them that the sacred volume in no ways sanctions a spirit of hostility which the name of "Protestant" virtually implies. Will mere argument be sufficient to compass what Catholics candidly confess to be above human reason? He who declared, saying—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, Him the Roman Catholic worships in all the attributes wherein he chooses to make himself known to us—firmly believing his gracious presence both corporally and spiritually in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist: and moreover most truly believing that, by a real communion of his body and blood under the sanctified elements of his heavenly gift, the grace of the spirit, virtually accompanies the substance; and being thus sanctified through grace, we cannot but rejoice at the gracious condescension of the Lord, who is not ashamed to enter the roof of such unworthy creatures as we are. The word of the Lord is a sufficient warrant, and he cannot deceive. He will not give us a stone for bread, nor a serpent for a fish. But he plainly tells us that the bread he will give us to eat, is his (own) flesh, for the life of the world. There is nothing unreasonable in this; except in the eyes of the Jews to whom it proves a stumbling block.

As the union of the spirit with the flesh forms the identity of the creature, which, through sin, has fallen from grace, the love of the Father sendeth his own Son, the *only be-*

gotten of the Father, begotten, not made as we are of dust; but begotten of the spirit, and made flesh incorruptible, that we may rise from this corruptible to incorruption, by the same incorruptible nature's highest gift which was offered a sacrifice of grace, for the great end of making us one with Christ: wherefore he is also called the bread of life, which came down from heaven. Shall we then despise the heavenly gifts? God forbid. What the spirit doeth in secret, we cannot know; and if it so be, that we are united to God through the flesh of the Son, in the manner thus appointed by him, we have also a will to embrace the gracious offer with thankful hearts towards the giver: not in the wisdom of the flesh, but in the faith of Christ. For we read in the Scriptures which are given for instruction: "Seek not the things that are too high for thee, and search not into things above thy ability," &c. &c. It is not for us to scrutinize what the heart cannot comprehend; but to believe the word of Him who cannot deceive. But in order to supply our wants in this our imperfect state of mental weakness, the Lord, in his great mercy, has cast forth the anchor of faith as the safest means to lay hold of. Blessed is the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

The great desire which sectarian zeal is ever anxious to display for the increase of their divided flocks, at the expence of other Christian communities, is extremely erroneous and dangerous to the peace of Christianity. If this were done with a view to bring the scattered sheep home to the one sheepfold, and to breathe harmony and brotherly love into the bosom of the church, their zeal would be praiseworthy. By conversion, we understand a change from an imperfect to a more perfect state of Christianity; from a state of ignorance to the knowledge and practice of the same; and not a change from one sect to another,

as if with a new wind of doctrine, which will not make the pretended convert the better for it. The honor of true religion is not to thwart the efforts of the church to maintain the unity of all its members in the faith, in the bond of peace, according to the wisdom of doctrine. No plea, whatsoever, can justify a departure from this law. The title of Christian, is necessarily associated with a consciousness of his being a member of the universal or CATHOLIC church in Christ, and not conspiring against her peace, as some are doing at this present day. We are commanded to hear the church, on pain of being numbered with publicans and heathens, or persons who may be considered as outcasts of the church. If, for the sake of peace and order, obedience to the authority of the civil law is necessary, how much more so to ecclesiastical authority, under the sanction of the gospel, to which all spiritual matters of doctrine and discipline, must be necessarily referred, and voluntary obedience be paid, by the rule of faith. As Christ, himself, teaches by the agency of ministers selected from amongst men, and approved of by the church of which he is the chief corner stone; we are justified in believing that the same is infallible as Christ is himself infallible. This is the basis on which the authority of the church is founded. If it were not so, satan would have long succeeded in overturning the great fabric of Christ's appointment, by backing the efforts of unbelievers, who are perpetually assailing the sacred temple of their aversion. Notwithstanding the aid of this, his auxiliary force, the scheme which he is ever anxious to carry into execution, will prove at last, to be the means of strengthening the more, those walls, he desires to demolish.

The selfish policy of human wisdom, under pretence of gathering, scatters the flock, by throwing the

firebrand of discord amongst them, contrary to the ways and justice of God. For such a contradictory course of proceeding, must needs open the door to all manner of profane controversies, tending to debase the sacredness of holy writ, and thus set religion wholly aside, for the more convenient dogma of pagan morality or Socinianism, to the entire exclusion of the doctrinal precepts of Christ's divinity.

In these stormy seasons of religious warfare, it is no small consolation to the sincere Christian to be assured, that the unbroken transmission of the sacred deposits of the pure word of God, remains untouched by the sacrilegious hand of the mockers and scoffers, who seem to take great delight in setting up for a standard their reformed creed, as a model of evangelical perfection, in opposition to the venerable church at whose altar the name of the adorable Jesus is invoked from the rising of the sun to the going down, that is, in every region of the earth.

It is, however, not surprising, that after all these extravagant vaporings against the Catholic faith, not a few of those that have erred from the church, by embracing Protestantism, seek to return to its bosom. That this is, and ever will be the case, with those, who, in their wanderings from the straight way of doctrine, find their mistake when they discover at last that true religion is not to be found in the troubled waters of eternal strife and contention, may be gathered from Mr. Boswell's narrative of his table talk of Dr. Johnson, where he says: "Sir William Scott tells that he heard Johnson say, a man who is converted from Protestantism to popery, may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism, gives up so much of what he held sacred as any thing that he retains; there is so much *laceration*

tion of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." The truth of this reflection may be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most readers.

Here, then, we have the testimony of Protestant authority of unquestionable veracity. The reason why a convert from the Catholic faith, to Protestantism, cannot be sincere and lasting, may be easily accounted for, but hardly understood by Protestants, to whom the avenue to the knowledge of the Catholic faith (which, for obvious reasons, is always misrepresented by its opposers), is shut up, by the interest which is constantly exerted by Protestant divines, as well as by the generality of their press, to divert the attention of their followers from a too close examination of that spiritual union which reigns throughout the Catholic world, and the *true* grounds on which that church is founded, strengthened and perpetuated. Yet, contrary to the spirit of Christian charity and gospel authority, such conduct as this, is not only countenanced but applauded in all circles of

Protestants; and there is no falsehood too absurd, or too gross, when urged against Popery, but is sure to obtain for the author, the credit of a true Protestant, which title is sufficiently significant of the hostile character which it bears on its front.

That this Catholic union can never be entirely broken until we cease to keep faith with Christ, must be evident to every one who is sincerely convinced that no earthly power can destroy God's building which is firmly cemented by its HOLINESS, SANCTITY, APOSTOLICITY and CATHOLICITY, or agreement and concord in the sublimity of its doctrine founded on the unerring truth of the gospel. Let them that are staring at the grand solemnity of what they behold, ponder on the mysterious cause which disposes so many souls in almost every part of the globe, to worship at the same shrine of the cross, and they will come to the almost certain conclusion, that no combination of human policy could produce such an effect. None but he who said "I will be with you all days," could do the work.

BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

The following "answer" would not again have been brought before the public, were it not for the name of the author. Any thing from the pen of Archbishop Carroll must excite the public interest. It will, besides, show how circumstances have changed, from the year 1792, to the year 1842. The Catholic religion, of which he may be styled the founder, as well as the glory, in this country, has not only increased: it stands conspicuous among all denominations, and not only does the successor of "JOHN" publicly claim the title of BISHOP, but that of ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

AN ANSWER

TO STRICTURES ON AN EXTRAORDINARY SIGNATURE.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, in a late letter to the flock, which acknowledges his pastoral jurisdiction, adopts the language sanctioned by the immemorial usage of his church, and takes his appellation from the town where his episcopal see is erected. This is agreeable to the discipline established amongst Catholics, and to the practice of his brethren in the episcopacy ; and he hopes that it is not repugnant to any law of his country. He has not invaded the rights of any religious society ; nor interfered to control their *forms of words* ; nor disturbed their ministers, for speaking or writing, in any style they chose, to the people who looked up to them for instruction. Leaving them in the unimpeached exercise of that liberty, which our free constitution grants them, he has claimed the same benefit to himself ; and, of consequence, has been careful to preserve the language of his predecessors in the episcopal charge, from its institution, near 1800 years ago, down to the present times ; for he knows, that the integrity of the Christian doctrine, generally, is preserved best by a faithful adherence to the same modes of speech ; and he is not disposed to sacrifice to a spirit of innovation, or to a levelling anti-hierarchical system of religion, those expressions, by which all ages of Christianity have designated his office.

Yet this, it seems, is not pleasing to a writer, who signs himself *Liberal*. If, like his opponent, the Bishop were disposed to write trifling *Strictures* on a signature, he would not let this of *Liberal* pass unnoticed ; for, surely, none ever accorded less than this, with the composition to which it is subscribed. To be *liberal*, in the modern use of the term, is to assert, with firmness and impartiality, the liberty, to which all of us are entitled,

of professing the doctrines, following the usages, and speaking the language of our respective churches. Does *Liberal* allow this ? So far from it, that he intimates a threat, if his eyes be offended again with the inscription of *Bishop of Baltimore*. Such is his *liberality*.

Baltimore, he says, is a large place, containing many inhabitants, who *disown* the Bishop's *jurisdiction*, and *some who do a good deal more* ; by which he means, it may be supposed, that they reject episcopacy altogether. Let them, if they please, disown the one, and reject the other ; they use their constitutional right ; and, if the Bishop knows his own heart, he will leave them in the full enjoyment of it ; but he will ask, whether in the earliest days of Christianity, Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Ephesus, &c., were not likewise *large places* ? and whether a great majority of their inhabitants were not heathens, who *disowned* and *rejected* Bishops and their jurisdiction ? Nevertheless, perplexing, as it must have been to the *Liberals* of those days, to discover the meaning and persons intended by the following words, we read of CLEMENT, *Bishop of Rome* ; IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Antioch* ; ALEXANDER, *Bishop of Alexandria*, &c. Where lies the greater difficulty, which cost *Liberal* so much time, before he could ascertain the person meant by JOHN, *Bishop of Baltimore* ? Catholics, to whom alone the letter was addressed, and who know the voice of their pastor, were at no loss to recognize him : others, into whose hands the *curious performance* (so *Liberal* styles it) may have fallen, received a fair and honest caution to be upon their guard, by the addition of these words to the obnoxious title, *with the approbation of the Holy See, Bishop of Baltimore*. When Protestant, Methodist, or, if

they will pardon the expression, Presbyterian bishops profess to hold their bishopricks under the same approbation of the See Apostolic, it may be necessary to use some further discrimination.

In this very town, we have a *Bank of Maryland*, and a *Baltimore Insurance Office*. In the principles of *Liberal*, stockholders, in these establishments, infringe the civil rights of their countrymen and fellow citizens; for, to be consistent, he must allow, that these denominations import an arrogant claim of monopolising all banking transactions in the State, and making insurances, exclusively of all competition, in the town of Baltimore. And yet, I am sure, that neither the holders of shares formed pretensions so extravagant, nor was it the intention of the legislature, which incorporated them, to debar other adventurers from making similar speculations, or assuming the same name and title, if they chose it.

So likewise, let who will, in other religious professions, call themselves *Bishops of Baltimore*; it will excite neither regret or opposition in him, who is now known by that denomination. Indeed, considering his line of episcopal succession, and source of spiritual jurisdiction, he will think his own the best founded claim; but, if others judge differently, he will not accuse them of invading his rights; much less will he insinuate, that they are guilty of presumption; and less still will he provoke them with a threat, or denounce against them *a return for their temerity*. He conceives, that they would treat such threats, from him, with contempt; and therefore, he entertains the same sentiment for those of *Liberal*.

The Bishop is at a loss to find out any passage or expression, in his letter, which could furnish a shadow of pretence to *Liberal* for saying, that he (the Bishop) *absolutely excludes*

from the honorable appellation of Christians, all who are not within the pale of his church. If such a passage can be pointed out, the Bishop will be the first to condemn it; since, so far from embracing this opinion, as an article of his faith, he holds the doctrine directly contrary to it to be that of his church, to which he and all Catholics are bound to submit; and which Catholics have constantly maintained, in opposition to the tenets of some pretended reformers. But, to remove more effectually the impression, which the assertions of *Liberal* may have made on those who have not seen the Bishop's pastoral letter, (and few, but Catholics, for whom alone it was intended, have seen it), some copies shall be left, to be disposed of, at Mr. Angell's Printing Office.

Here it was intended to have made a conclusion; but *Liberal* having quaintly introduced the term of *Aristocrats*, the Bishop would fain ask, whether it was done to raise a hue and cry against the episcopal office, by bringing into use amongst us that invidious and misapplied appellation, which has caused a ferocious mob to disgrace the character of a most humane people, and has let them loose on such men as Lafayette, and the venerable Rochefoucault? If such be the intention of *Liberal*, he had better transport himself to a country, where he may meet congenial souls: America, I trust, has too much regard for justice, and understands too well the principles of religious equality, to obey his impulse, or catch the contagion of his spirit.

The subject of this contention is so trifling in itself, and it affords so much room for ridicule, that if *Liberal* take up his pen again, he must appear with something much more material, to engage the father attention of

JOHN, BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

November 21, 1792.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. II. HYMN FOR A MARTYR.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.*

ANDANTE.

VOCE.

Oh God! the por-tion, the reward, The crown of all thy

ORGAN
or
PIANO.

ANDANTE.

sol - dier train! Ab-solve us whilst thy Mar - tyr's praise We

sing, from eve - ry sin - ful stain! The joys of earth, its

Pia.

* We are deeply indebted to Mr. CHARLES M. KING for the original music with which he is pleased to adorn the pages of the Expositor. The reputation of this gentleman is universally known, and his merit everywhere appreciated. The kindness, therefore, which induces him to devote his most valuable talents to original compositions for our Periodical, claims all our thanks, and adds a powerful attraction to the various other literary and theological contributions from distinguished and learned writers.—*Editors.*

vain de-lights, In which the gall of sor - row lies Con-

ceal'd, he no - bly spurn'd to taste, And now he banquets in the skies, And

ADAGIO.

now he ban - - - quets in the skies!

Adagio *ral - - - lent.*

III.
His sufferings manfully he bore;
His life unflinchingly laid down;
His blood's last drop he shed for thee,
And now enjoys his heavenly crown.

○
○
○
○
○

IV.
Wherefore we beg, in suppliant prayer,
That thou wouldst mercifully please,
On this thy martyr's triumph-day,
From guilt thy servants to release.

V.
Unto the Father and the Son,
And holy Paraclete, to thee,
Glory and everlasting praise
For ages upon ages, be.

IL GENIO DI VIRGILO.

SONETTO.

DEL REV. S. SANTELLI.

Felice Genio ad imitar che imprenda
 Grande un modello, e al corso assodi il fianco,
 Si che agitato, infaticabil, franco
 Le palme della Gloria a lui contenda,
 Opra e questa mirabile stupenda
 Che per volgere d'anni non vien manco;
 Ma tre adeguarne, vincerli pur anco
 Di tanta fama al grido ov'e che ascenda!
 Rende geloso Pindaro un Orazio
 Un Terenzio Menandro, un Giuvenale
 Garreggia anche esso con Propersio e Stazio;
 Ma un Omero, un Teocrito, un Esiodo
 Modellar, avanzar, opera e tale
 Che supera del tempo ogni periodo—

THE GENIUS OF VIRGIL.

A SONNET.—(*Translated.*)

A glorious genius, which, with high desire
 To emulate a noble model, dares
 To brave the task, and proudly to aspire,
 With quenchless ardour to the palm *he* bears.
 A wondrous work, surpassing every praise
 Which years but add to, as they roll away:
 Hark to the pæan Fame delights to raise
 To him who heavenward cleaves his lofty way!
 The songs of Horace jealous Pindar fears;
 Terence Menander rivals—Juvenal
 The wreath with Statius and Propertius wears:
 But to combine in one the minds of all—
 Hesiod, Theocritus, and Homer even—
 This boon but once and only once was given.

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